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A CANADIAN IN NORWAY.

SHIPWRECKED OFF NORTH CAPE.

BY ARTHUR COLEMAN, PH.D.

THE TOWN OF BERGEN, NORWAY.

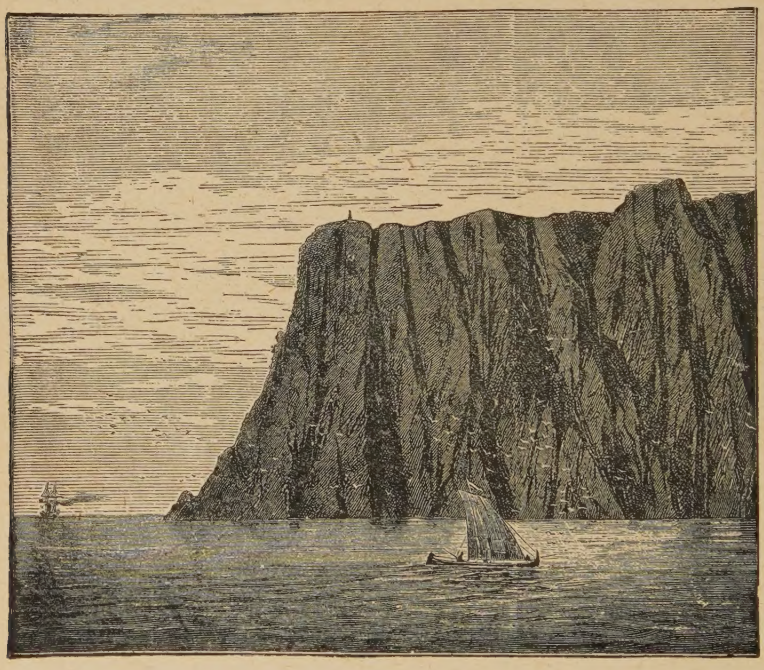
KNIVSKJAERODDEN is an awkward-looking word. Not every one knows that the "skjaer" in the middle of it means our word "blade," or "share," and is pronounced like the latter; that the "en" with which it terminates is "the," and that the whole word means the part of a knife where the blade joins the handle. This strange name belongs to a strange place—to the very farthest bulwark of Europe against the Arctic storms. Its smooth-worn, much-enduring shoulders push a full mile farther toward the Pole than the North Cape itself. But then the latter rises a thousand feet sheer into the mists and wears a most dignified and imposing frown, so all the world goes to see the North Cape and, after the manner of the world, leaves the meritorious but humble Knivskjaerodden quite unnoticed. It is visited only by fishermen, sea-birds, and tempests; and they make their visits as brief as possible, for it is the dullest, dreariest, most desolate spot on the earth. Though not classing myself with either tempests or sea-birds or fishermen, I once spent a long day on its rocks with some fifty others, and so know all about it. We landed there, not to rescue an interesting and hardly-used promontory from undeserved neglect, but for the more

cogent reason that we could not help it. We were shipwrecked.

At a certain stage of a boy's life it is the height of his ambition to go to sea and get shipwrecked, to live on a raft, to cast lots as to who shall be served for dinner each day, and finally to reach some island paradise. My own longings and ambitions took this shape at one time, but a touch of the reality on the mist-covered Arctic Ocean quenched them for ever. The joys of possession rarely equal one's fond anticipation. To get your feet soaked with ice-water, to be drenched with driving rain, to fast all day on a ship's biscuit, and to shiver away the hours under a leaky sail for a tent, look very delightful and romantic no doubt from a sufficient distance, but in practice they don't prove satisfactory.

But it will be in order, perhaps, to describe how we all fell into this predicament.

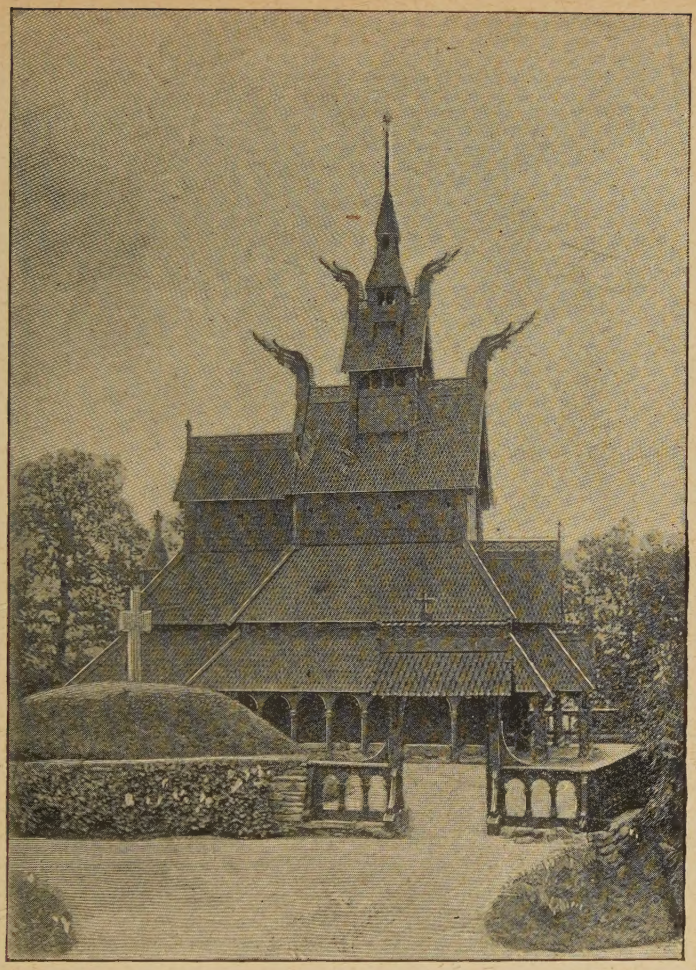
I had come up from Drontheim to Hammerfest on the "Haakon Jarl" to see what was to be seen at that remote end of the earth. Our good ship was not to pass the North Cape, so a number of us waited in Hammerfest for another steamer which was to touch there. We stopped at the North Pole Hotel, and spent two or three days very pleasantly. As



THE NORTH CAPE.

is well known, it is one's chief duty on a summer's trip to Hammerfest to see the midnight sun. We did our duty. We were rowed out on the fjord one night to see his cheerful face over the waves, and we climbed a mountain the next night to see him again.

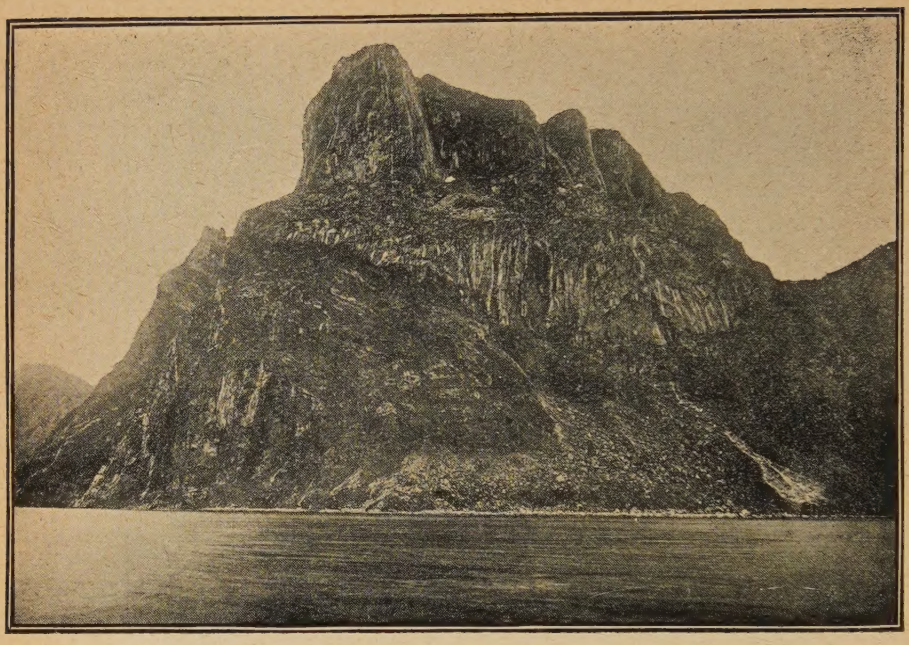
One some way expects that the midnight sun shall have something peculiar, awe-inspiring, weird, and poetic about him; but he has not.



NORWEGIAN CHURCH OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY AT BURGUND.

A careful and scientific observation convinces me that the midnight sun looks like any other sun. His late hours and dissipation leave no traces on his serene countenance. A half-hour before the sun sets on Lake Ontario he has just the same aspect, and the tints of the horizon are just as delicate and beautiful as at midnight near Hammerfest. I was disappointed; and what added bitterness to the disappointment was, that two or three ladies in the party went into ecstasies and raptures over it, in several languages, and reproached me for not joining in the general delight. It is galling to be shown that one has failed in one's duty.

The hours of the day, and even the days of the week, get badly mixed at Hammerfest. A man takes his little promenade at midnight, goes to bed about three o'clock, after vain efforts to shut out the sunshine, is wakened at ten o'clock by having it full in his face, breakfasts at noon and dines at seven, and is doubtful all the time whether it is yesterday or to-day. Until it becomes wearisome, there is a charm about



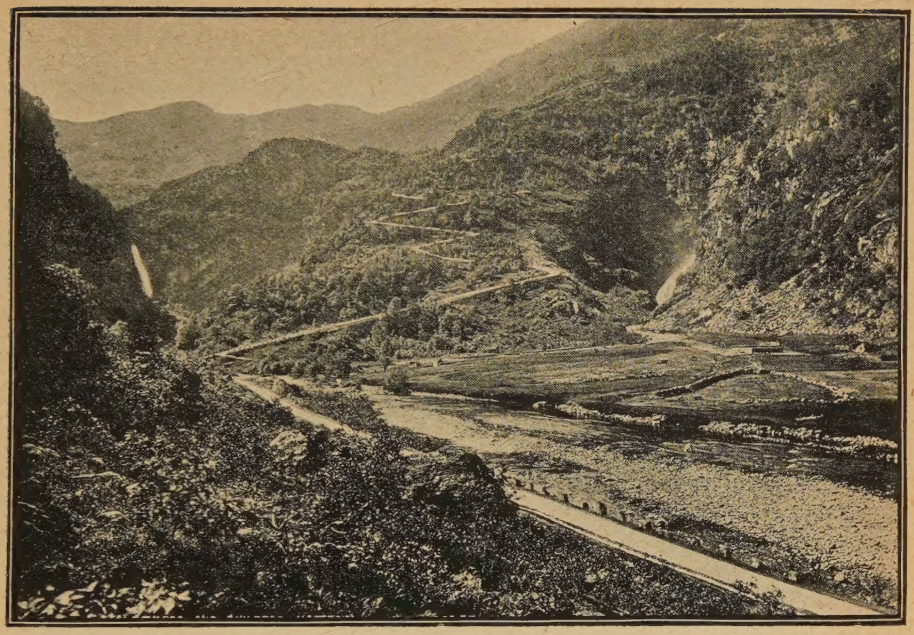
THE HORNELEN—THE HIGHEST SEA-CLIFF IN EUROPE.

this perpetual mild sunshine. It is the land of the Lotus-Eaters, where it is always afternoon and "the charmed sunset lingers low adown in the red west." The warm, yellow light softens the hardness of the black rocks, and the stunted shrubs and flowers grow on through every hour of the twenty-four, making the most of the short summer. They have only too much enforced rest in the long winter, and are pinched and hungry for sunshine when it does come and the absence of snow lets them enjoy it.

The severe gray of the barren hills around Hammerfest harbour, and the dead white of midsummer snow-banks on their flanks, give the visitor a most vivid impression of rigour and desolation. A stroll or scramble on the hillsides surprises and delights one, however, for every sheltered nook among the rocks hides a dainty flower-garden rich with bloom. The mosses and flowers make a velvety turf, on which crouches the Arctic birch with its slender stems and round-notched leaves. Nipping frosts and icy winds have taught them all humility, and none of them raise their heads more than a few inches above the common turf. They nestle together cosily and keep one another warm. The only really luxuriant vegetation near the town is on the house-tops. The roofs are of birch-bark, covered with sods, and look for all the world like bits of rich Canadian meadow studded with oxeye daises. No doubt the warmth of the house below favours them. I have seen an enterprising goat scramble up and make a hearty breakfast on such a roof.

But all this is beside the point, and we must get on to our shipwreck.

In two or three days the steamer "Nordstjern" (North Star) came in, and about six in the evening we were on board and off for the Cape.



THE FAMOUS NAERODAL VALLEY AND ITS TWO WATERFALLS.

It is about a six hours' journey, and the affair was so timed that we should reach the Cape at midnight.

There was a glorious soft afternoon light as we steamed through the grim rock portals of the harbour and turned north-east, with the swelling waves of the Arctic on our left, and a range of iron mountains and islands on the other side. In two or three hours we passed Bird Rock, a tall, gray-coated sentinel at the base of a promontory. Along every rift and ledge white-vested auks and puffins elbowed one another, bolt upright and stiff, like rows of jars on an apothecary's shelves. A shot from a small cannon on board sent the inhabitants of this bird metropolis into the air in clouds and columns, as white as snowflakes, at first, and quite as thick. The sun was soon darkened with their numbers, and the very air curdled with their shrieks. With many a whirl and sweep they dropped into the sea, diving as the vessel approached, or gradually slipped back to their easy-chairs to gossip with their neighbours over the alarming occurrence.

We were opposite the North Cape as the sun swept to its lowest point. A fine evening yellow suffused the sky and glinted on the long rolling waves, and warmed up the gloomy face of the promontory. The engine stopped to let us admire the scene, and to give some enthusiastic sportsmen a chance to catch a half-dozen cod and haddock. They were daintily coloured, well-grown fish, but were destined not to appear on our breakfast table next morning. Instead we came near being food for fishes ourselves.

Pushing round the Cape we came to anchor at the foot of a deep, gloomy fjord, and were rowed ashore. I was astonished to find a rich vegetation in the narrow valley, ferns and buttercups and yellow violets and forget-me-nots, all fresh and wide-awake as if it were not

midnight. But there was a thousand feet of climbing to do, so there was only time to put a forget-me-not in my notebook and begin the ascent. Once the steep wall is scaled one finds himself on the usual undulating floor of the Norwegian fjelds, covered with loose stones, between which mosses and flowers made a hard struggle for life. Blocks of white quartz gave a ghastly touch here and there amid the sombre greys. The granite column commemorating King Oscar's visit a few years ago was only a half-mile's walk from where we ascended, and a young Norwegian and I, who were the first up, were soon there.

The rising ground behind shut the others out of view, and the sunlit billows, sweeping in till lost to sight before breaking at the foot of the cliff far below, were simply glorious. There was a strange sense of vastness and solitude about the scene. It was the spot and time for dream and sentiment. Would the icy and unconquerable polar sea soften in the gentle sunshine, and in the muffled roar of her waves disclose to the awe-struck listener some of her long-kept secrets ? Alas ! if people would only let one alone ! Here comes a motley crowd, joking and exclaiming in half the languages of Europe—and sentiment vanishes at the pop of champagne bottles.

A French lady came up with great display and took a suitable pose encircled by her admirers. A sailor had pulled from before, and another had propelled from behind ; still how she got up at all in those shoes was a mystery, and commanded all admiration. But meantime a dark line of fog crept up from the north and sprang suddenly upon us, whirling in vapour wreaths up the gorges, hiding the sun with its dun clouds, and turning hues of gold to brass. The sailors hurried us back to the ship, for losing one's self in a fog on these dreary fjelds has its unpleasant features.

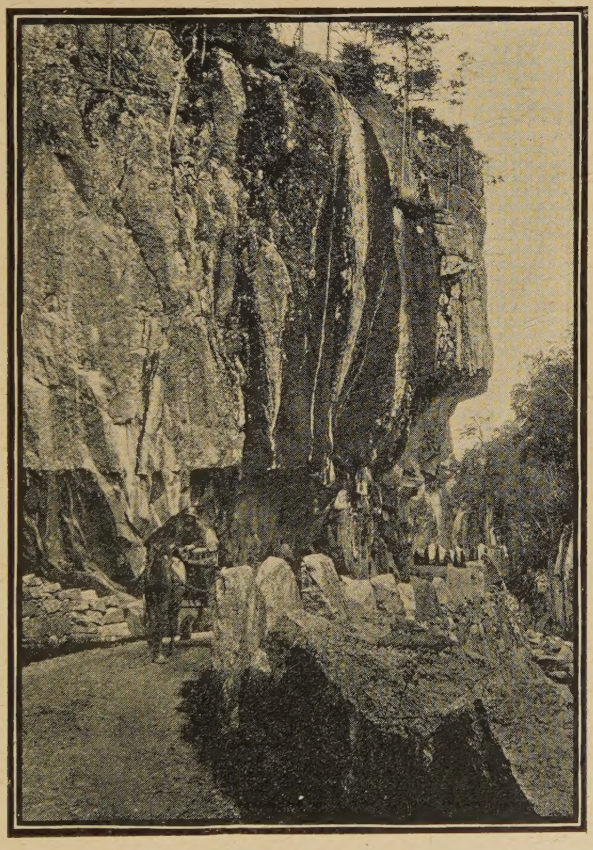
When we reached the edge of the steep descent to the fjord the ship seemed close beneath us, and was still bathed in warm light ; but the fog closed in when we got on board, and in a few minutes the gloomy North Cape and the rosy mountain across the fjord faded from view.

It was half-past two, and most of us turned in to sleep as well as the annoying daylight would permit. Blessed is darkness when you want to sleep. Nothing delighted me more on our way south than to see the lamps lighted again about ten o'clock one evening. Their dingy light, and the semi-darkness outside, were charming. We are half creatures of darkness anyway, and some of us even love darkness rather than light in a very proper sense.

In the midst of my dreams, sadly diluted as they were by the daylight, came a strange grating noise. The ship shuddered in every timber, and tipped till we were rolled out of our berths amid the crashing of lamps and smashing of everything loose and breakable. There was a rush and scramble to reach the deck, which was no easy matter from the pounding of the ship and the great slope of the companion staircase to one side. Once on deck, our alarm fled. There beside us was a solid rock, stretching off into the mist, so there was no danger. The ship's bows were well up on the rocks. If she had struck the North Cape instead of Knivskjaerodden very few could have escaped, for there is deep water up to the beetling cliffs themselves and she would have sunk immediately. There would have been but little foothold for swimmers in the icy water to climb the perpendicular face of the North Cape, and even if one reached the top, the prospect would have been pretty hopeless, for it is part of a desolate and deserted island.

As it was, by clinging to the upper bulwark, one could work his way along to the bow, although the deck was as steeply inclined as the roof of a house. From the bow it was possible, by watching one's chance, to drop to the rocks and come off almost dryshod; quite an advantage for unfortunates, like myself, in stocking feet. The ladies were soon helped along and handed over the side, while a stout sailor caught them below. Most of them were pale, but still took it bravely. One New York girl was as cool as if walking along Broadway. Some nearly fainted, however, and an old German countess was quite frantic as she clung to the gunwale with one hand and hugged the ancient lapdog with the other. I won her everlasting gratitude by helping her over the side and handing her ugly little pet after her.

In a few minutes all were on shore but two ponderous American ladies who were unlucky enough to be fastened into their stateroom by the slipping of a trunk against the door. As they did not know what would happen next, and neither floor nor wall was level to stand on, it must have been an uncomfortable quarter of an hour before they were rescued by breaking open the door.



A TYPICAL NORWEGIAN ROAD.

The scenes among the forty or

fifty passengers, after landing on the rocks, were amusing enough. One does not always find one's self in full dress at three o'clock in the morning, and more than one lady had to make a cloak or ulster serve as dressing-room; and the resulting costume was often more striking than elegant. For my own part, the stern of the vessel was under water before I got back to look for my boots, which had slipped away out of sight by the tipping of the ship, so I pulled on a pair of Lapp moccasins of a queer shape and bright colours. They were no protection at all, and were soon as wet as rags from the sea-water.

During the bustle of landing and securing one's things when tossed off by the sailors, who immediately began to strip the vessel, there was excitement enough to keep us warm, and most of the company took everything good-humouredly; but afterward, when the driving rain from the north cut one to the bone, things did not look so cheerful. One of the American ladies with whom I came up on the "Haakon Jarl" was fairly sick with the shock and exposure, so their courier and myself got up a rough tent. We chose a spot where a ledge of rock kept off the driving rain, and by spreading a small sail on an oar made a very good shelter. Some cushions and blankets completed a snug little place, just large enough for four. A little experience in camping in our Canadian backwoods was of no small value just then. We put heavy stones on the edges of the sail to stretch it properly and thus keep out the wind and water.

Others followed our example, and soon all were under shelter, but most of them did not stretch their tents as they should have done, and there was sure to be a spot where it dripped, of course just over some man's nose or the back of his neck. A shivering Englishman, for whom the drops proved too much, crawled out and came over to see us, with a most rueful and envious countenance. He evidently wanted to be invited in, but our hospitality was hampered by the fact that you can't crowd five bodies into a space which will only hold four, so he had to go back and endure the drops like a man.

The difference in nationalities came out strongly. The English and Germans made the best of things, but the French and two or three Jews were very helpless and did not display a very generous spirit in caring for others. When the rain became too fierce they wrapped themselves in blankets up to the very eyes, spread their umbrellas, each for himself, and sat on the rocks dripping images of mute misery until some sailor hustled them off into a tent. Teutons and Saxons and Scandinavians bustled around cheerfully to get the ladies under shelter or bring them biscuit and beer, and showed no end of resources in raising the general comfort and good spirits.

About noon the energetic cook, who had managed to keep alive a smoky little fire, announced coffee. It was a creditable exhibition of enterprise, but the resulting beverage was not successful. It looked like dishwater, and very few ventured to drink it.

Then ensued several hours of solid misery and discomfort till about four o'clock, when a keen-eyed sailor shouted that a steamboat was in the offing. Every one was on the alert in a moment. The fishing-boat which loomed in out of the fog soon after we had struck had carried the news to the nearest fishing telegraph station, and a steamer, which was fortunately in Hammerfest harbour at the time, set off immediately to rescue us. The dirty little whaling steamer came along bobbing like a cork on the high waves. The

sea was too stormy to get off in boats where we were camped, so a pilgrimage was made over the slippery rocks to a small, narrow inlet between two high, smooth walls of rock. The promontory gets its peculiar name from this inlet, I believe, in which the fishermen find a resemblance to the crevice between the two halves of a knife-handle when the blade is shut.

VOSS RAILWAY AND TUNNEL.

One boat after another was loaded in this calm strip of water, and, running the gauntlet of breakers at the mouth, slipped down with the wind to the waiting steamer, the "John Shoening." Once out of the inlet the boats could be seen only when riding on the crest of the waves. The whaling steamer towed them back. I went in the same boat with the French party; and it was amusing to see how they would remark uneasily as each threatening wave approached, *"Pas de danger!"* and then, triumphantly, when it was past, *"Quelle montagne!"*

The passengers and crew of the

"John Shoening" received our shabby party with great curiosity and sympathy, and we soon started for Hammerfest, leaving the poor "Nordstjern," now almost under water, to be torn up piecemeal by the breakers. Going below we had the luxury of a good square meal, though from the rolling of the vessel we had to cling to our plates more anxiously than was pleasant.

Before two o'clock we were in Hammerfest, and were rushing through its deserted little streets to get some sort of lodgings, for the none too capacious town was overflowing with visitors from the steamer last arrived. My much-badgered, but persistently good-humoured hostess, found me a bed somewhere, and pulling off my wet moccasins I was soon forgetful of fogs and shipwrecks and even of the daylight that streamed in. Whether I woke the same day or not till the next has always been a doubtful point in my own mind.

In two or three days the "Haakon Jarl" returned from Vadsoe, near the Russian frontier, and took us all—through fogs and fjords and thickest islands — back to Drontheim and civilization.

Norway—Its Geology and People.

Norway is a most tempting country to the geologist, to the lover of grand but gloomy scenery, and to every one interested in a quaint and simple but picturesque people.

An artist would be in raptures over it, if it only did not rain so often. All these attractions wiled me over to its barren mountains one summer, and the few months spent there proved so full of pleasure and profit that it may be pardoned if some memories of it are offered to the readers of this Magazine. The land is all the more interesting to Canadians from the resemblance of many of its features to those of our own country.

We dwellers of the North have fjords on our coasts, and an immense range of gneiss and other archæan rocks as our geological backbone, and just so it is in Norway. It lies as far north as any man could wish for; it has the grandest fjords in the world; and it has wide stretches of gneiss, in the opinion of some of its geologists, like our Laurentian—the very oldest land in the globe, whose hoary hills raised their heads calmly to heaven when the rest of Europe and America lay hid beneath the waters or pushed only an island or two above their surface.

And Norway is a land, like our own, of forests, of fisheries, of cold winters, and of sturdy, democratic people; but it lacks our fertile square miles, and the latter cause draws many of her hard-worked sons across the waters to our broad North-West.

As might be expected when a stronger nation shares with a weaker, the division of the Scandinavian peninsula is not quite fair. Sweden takes all the plains and leaves Norway the mountains. It is a mere strip of mountains beginning away up in Lapland, not twenty degrees from the Pole, and stretching with varying widths eleven hundred miles to the south-west. Its most southerly point is more than ten degrees north of Quebec. The rocks in this sea of mountains are twisted and tossed into a most perplexing confusion, and not even yet are the mysteries of their origin and relation unravelled. They are all of the very oldest formations, nothing later than Devonian having been found in the better-known south of the country, and even that without fossils. The Silurian is, however, widely found and well-developed. Some of the old geologists of the country think them the very first-born of rocks,

THE ODDE VALLEY AND A TYPICAL NORWEGIAN DWELLING-HOUSE.

remnants of the first solid crust formed in the dim and misty beginning of things on the surface of the cooling but still molten earth.

A later and younger school, of which my friend Dr. Broegger is a prominent member, look on very many at least of these seemingly primeval rocks, as being of far later origin, mere youths compared with our Canadian Laurentian. They have certainly proved their point in many cases. By patient, painstaking study of their native rocks they have here and there found beneath thousands of feet of crystalline schists and quartzites a stratum containing an obscure fossil or two, half obliterated, but still plainly recognizable as Silurian—coins struck in the die of nature—long-lost, but when found, bearing in plain characters their date and inscription.

Most borderlands of continents show marks of fierce pressure from either side, as if the earth's coat of mail had a weak point at the juncture of sea and land. Nowhere has this sideward compression been more tremendous than in Norway. The transverse cleavage of slates, and even gneiss and quartzite, give no doubtful evidence of the immense power that brought them about. Much of this force must have expended itself in heat. Cracks and fissures were made in every direction, through which rose, in all likelihood, boiling waters charged with mineral matters in solution. To these and the heat we must ascribe the widespread crystallization of the rocks in question. In palæontological character the Silurian rocks of Norway do not materially differ from those of Sweden, Russia, Wales, or even Canada. On the other hand, quite a marked difference is found between them and the Silurian rocks of Bohemia and Southern Europe, making evident the fact that some barrier must have

NORWEGIAN BRIDE.

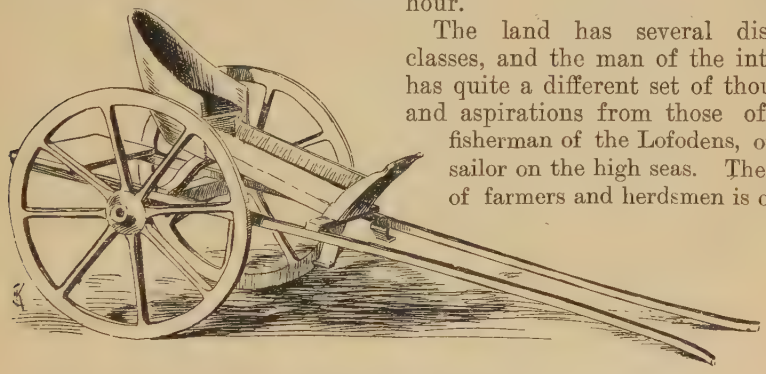
separated the northern Silurian sea from the southern. The world must have been very unaccentuated in that age. The same steamy, tropical climate reigned at the Poles as at the Equator summer and winter. The small, unformed lands showed but slight differences of level, and seemed to have been monotonous voids, without birds or beasts or flowers. All seas so far as known were shallow, and the sluggish inhabitants showed little of the vigour and variety of the present.

The city of Christiania, the capital of Norway, is a petrographer's paradise, for splendid granites, syenites, porphyries, diorites, and diabases are all found within three or four miles. Where the city now sits peacefully on her hills, overlooking distant mountains, rugged shores, and charming islands, there was once most terrific volcanic action. There were muttered thunders that came not from storm-clouds, but from the uneasy earth—mysterious warnings and premonitory shudderings. Vast cracks and chasms opened in the trembling rocks, into which welled molten fluids. Lava flowed from broad openings, and showers of ashes darkened the sun and desolated the country, while through the stifling downpour came baleful gleams of red light reflected from lakes of fire below. The whole region was blasted again and again through successive geological ages, just as half Iceland has been turned into a desert in modern times by Hecla and Skaptar Jokul.

In no land in Europe have ice and snow played so important an part as in Norway, and one may truthfully say that the ice age still lingers in no small part of the territory, so that the action of glaciers forms no small portion of her geology. The largest mass of eternal ice in Europe is found in Jostedalsbrae, near latitude 62 degrees. It is a waste of ice and snow, sixty miles in length and covering more than four hundred square miles of surface. It rises six thousand five hundred feet above the ocean, and is a sea of ice of unknown depth, hiding everything below like a mask and sending a score of frozen rivers into the valleys around.

The chief points in regard to glacial action are as follows: The upper part of the glacier is loaded with an ever-increasing depth of snow, which is compressed to ice by the burden above. The constant pressure drives the mass like a viscous fluid downwards and forwards every day. Rocks split from surrounding cliffs fall upon it and are carried along. Other rocks frozen in along the sides or base serve as chisels in gouging out and wearing away all unevenness or obstacles in

its bed. When the glacier melts, the heavier rocks are deposited, and lighter fragments borne away by the torrents, to be spread out in the valleys and plains as beds of gravel, sand, and clay. The glacier is the ploughshare of the Almighty. It left behind it in Norway fjords and river valleys and beds of lakes. It left a country bold and strong in its outlines, but terrible in its hardness, barrenness, and desolation. As soon as the ice withdrew from any part of its territory, running water took up the work of smoothing, sifting,



NORWEGIAN CARIOLE.

softening down, and spreading out what its forerunner had left unassorted and in heaps. Soils were formed, and every foothold wrested from the ice was occupied by vegetation.

But the working of another force must be considered before the history is complete. The work of water is one of degradation, and some counteracting, elevating force must be looked for. We find it in volcanism and the slow powers of upheaval, that, silent and unnoticed, elevate whole countries, with their mountains, valleys, lakes, and rivers, to a higher level.

The people whose lives and habits are influenced by the strange physical conditions described, are near relatives of our ancestors, the English. The Norwegians of to-day are of medium size, strongly built, with blue eyes, fair hair, and white and red complexion. They are a cheerful, or rather, placid, race, though a tinge of melancholy shows itself in the minor key of the music, perhaps born of the gloom of nature around. The people as a whole are thoroughly democratic, and the rough fellow to whom you have given a quarter for carrying your valise, grips your hand with an overflowing cordiality in saying goodbye that leaves it lame for the next hour.

The land has several distinct classes, and the man of the interior has quite a different set of thoughts and aspirations from those of the fisherman of the Lofodens, or the sailor on the high seas. The class of farmers and herdsmen is one of the most interesting in Norway. The small farmer—and the farms are all small—has his quaint house and barns standing in a clump together in the midst of the little fields. Every yard of ground is used for potatoes, barley, or hay; five hundred feet up the mountain side, clinging to a rock slope, there may be an acre of turf. It is utilized for hay, and a wire stretched from a tree on a cliff to another in the valley, gives a way of bringing the little crop to the barn.

The Lapps are the most striking part of the population to the foreigner; a diminutive people, once possessors of the country, but gradually elbowed out by their sturdier neighbours, and now only found in the far north. At first sight one can

hardly distinguish men from women, they are so small, so slightly built, and so scantily supplied with beard. They might all be children. Their general appearance is more picturesque than engaging. They are Mongolian in look, with sallow face, narrow eyes, high cheekbones, and unkempt hair, whose ends stick out like a fringe all round above their wide skin collars. Their brown locks weather out to a faded yellow from exposure to the sun and rain. The chief article of dress for the men is a sort of smock of reindeer skin, with the hair either inside or out. This garment is usually a world too wide, has a high collar above, and is fastened by a broad leather belt below, but so low down on the hips as to make the body look ludicrously long. A large knife in a wooden sheath hangs from this belt. The legs are clad in close-fitting leather hose, fastened to the upper part of the moccasins by numerous turns of leather string. The moccasins have pointed, upturned toes, and are of immense size, so as admit of padding with moss or straw to keep the feet warm. There is often a coil of rope slung over one shoulder, and used to lasso reindeer.

On his head, when in holiday trim, the Lapp sets a cap of brilliantly coloured cloth, flattened on top, and somewhat academic looking, with the corners projecting like horns to the four points of the compass. Within the large coat there is plenty of room to spare for storing tobacco, biscuits, and other articles which it is convenient to carry around. When tired or intoxicated, a Lapp may be seen to fling himself on the ground, or the bottom of his boat, turn up his hairy collar, nearly covering his head, draw in his arms, and contract himself like a turtle in his shell, leaving only the spindle legs and elephantine feet out of shelter. Lying thus, face downward, he dozes comfortably in the sunshine.

A BIT OF NORWEGIAN SCENERY.

The dress of the women is much the same as that of the men, except that the blouse is prolonged into a skirt reaching below the knees, and the head is covered with a close-

A SCENE IN BERGEN.

fitting night-cap of bright colours, with two lappets hanging down on each side of the cheeks and ornamented with a kind of embroidery. The gait of both sexes is wobbling and ungraceful.

The Lapps live from their herds of reindeer or are fishermen. Dozens of the crazy boats of the latter may be seen fastened to the piers of Hammerfest, in the fine summer weather, and their presence gives a very strange and picturesque life to the harbour.

The pastoral Lapps sometimes own hundreds of reindeer, which browse on the straggling bushes and moss of the fjelds over which they wander. Once or twice in the week they are hunted up in their mountain pastures, and driven in a tumultuous throng down to the valley where the owner has his hut. There they are shut into an enclosure made of tree-trunks, and one after another the females are lassoed and held by the men while the women milk them into flat bowls. Meantime the deer pulls and struggles like a wild creature, and the others rush around in terror and make a peculiar crackling noise by the spreading of their hoofs as they run. Two tablespoonfuls make the full amount at one milking.

The reindeer provides everything for the Lapp—his food, drink, and clothing, and the material for his summer tents. Its horns are worked into spoons, its sinews into cord and thread. The reindeer drags him swiftly over the snowy hills in winter in his little boat-shaped sled. His only other domestic animal is a foxy, treacherous-looking dog, like those of our Canadian Indians. The only virtue of the brutes is their patriotism. They die of homesickness if taken south.

The Lapp dwells in a mound-

shaped hut, with only two openings, a low door and a hole on top to let out the smoke. The walls are of heavy planks or small logs, standing on end and sloping inwards, with earth and sod heaped up outside. The apartment within is like a wigwam, with a fire in the centre, around which lounge the family, including the dogs, on a carpet of reindeer skins. The other inhabitants, which are small but numerous and friendly, require no mention here.

On the whole, the Lapp's costume and hut are well adapted for the life and climate he is exposed to. Rough as his existence may be, he is not without some artistic feeling, as shown in adornments of dress and spirited sketches of men and reindeer on bone or horn spoons and knife-handles. The sketches remind one of those found in France with other relics of prehistoric man; and it is pretty certain that a race like the Lapps were the primitive inhabitants of Belgium and France, if not of the rest of Europe.

We venture to add to Dr. Coleman's graphic sketch some extracts from our own review of Paul du Chaillu's "Land of the Midnight Sun."—Ed.

He was favoured with a very unconventional interview with the king. "Before I was king," said his majesty, "I was a farmer," and they talked of agriculture, schools, railways, and similar topics. On a second visit he found the king in his shirt-sleeves painting. He was simple in manners and style of living as any country gentleman. Similar simplicity of manners characterized his people, whom our author found very amiable, kind, and honest.

The isolation of the people is very great. From one hamlet it was two hundred miles to the nearest doctor. Everything was of the most primitive kind—plates, dishes, and spoons, etc., being made of wood; goats, sheep, and cows, were fed once a day on *fish*. Yet near the North Cape he found a farm-house with a piano, where the ladies spoke, besides Swedish, English, French, and German.

When Du Chaillu plunged into the Lapp country, he reduced his luggage to a minimum—chiefly, he says, writing paper and maps. But among the *etceteras* were a pound of coffee and some tea. "It is a great mistake," he says, "to think that the drinking of spirits refreshes the system when overcome with fatigue. The immediate effect is stimulating, but half an hour after one feels more exhausted than before." This wiry little man had travelled from malarious tropical Africa to the Arctic regions of Europe—sometimes wading through ice-cold rivers up to his neck—without liquor, and without ever smoking a pipe or cigar in his life.

Crossing the mountains westward he traversed the romantic Atlantic Coast, through scenery of the most sublime description—towering mountains glacier-crowned and feeding copious streams, which leap down the valley slopes, snow-white against a dark background of evergreen. There are hundreds, nay, thousands, of these waterfalls. The most striking feature is the magnificent fjords where the sea penetrates, sometimes a hundred miles between mountains towering thousands of feet. In cosy little bays, or lateral valleys, nestle the hamlets of the people. The low-hanging clouds during much of the year give a more gloomy aspect to the landscape than that of Switzerland. No country in Europe has such vast and numerous glaciers, and fields of perpetual snow. Indeed, the whole of the fjords are manifestly the result of ice action.

The lively little Frenchman made himself a great favourite with the simple farm-folk. When he re-

visited a place it was "Welcome, Paul," and "Good-bye, Paul." "Paul, you must eat more, you must not be bashful." "Look at Paul, he is not proud, he is like one of us." "Amerikaner, come to our farm; we have sons in Minnesota, in Iowa, in Wisconsin, when you return be sure to see them;" and they named their children after him, and were unwearying in their kindness and hospitality!*

The peculiar features of farm-life are the summers at the sæters, or mountain pastures, on highlands so bleak that they can be inhabited only from June to September. Young maidens will remain in these solitudes without fear and without danger. If the farm is small all the family go to the sæter, with cows, sheep, goats, and with much trumpeting and blowing of horns. The mountain life is hardy and healthy, herding and milking the kine, and making butter and cheese. Sometimes the cattle belong to two or three farmers. The houses are small log or stone buildings like Swiss chalets.

The island of Gotland, in the Baltic, is one of unique historic interest. It was a grand emporium of trade. From India, from Persia, from China, by way of the Volga and the Russian steppes, the wealth of the Orient was poured into the lap of the Occident. Hither came traders from England, Holland, France, and the Mediterranean. Wisby was a great walled city of 12,000 burghers and many more of lesser grade. Here have been discovered rich finds of Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Arabic coins—including rare specimens from Bagdad, Samarcand, Bokhara, and other Asiatic cities. More than a hundred churches were built on the island, many of them of stately architecture, whose very ruins are impressive.

One of the most remarkable recent discoveries in Norway was an oak-built Viking ship, 42 feet long, with many swords, spears, and shields inside. In 1880 a still more remarkable relic was found—a Viking ship, 76 feet long, and 14 feet wide amidships. It would answer well Longfellow's description of the "Long Serpent," in his "Saga of King Olaf."

A peculiar feature of Scandinavian trade is the great fairs—annual or semi-annual—which are held in many places. From the fjords and sæters and mountain hamlets swarm the people to the fair-towns in holiday garb, to exchange their hard-earned money for the latest fashions in picturesque apparel or rustic ornaments. It is a time for universal merry-making, giving of presents, and innocent enjoyment.

The architecture of the country has a picturesqueness of its own. One of the most curious examples is the old church at Borgund, dating, probably, from the time of St. Olaf, or his son, Magnus. Its dark colour and peculiar shape, its successive shingle roofs, ornamented with dragons and crosses, at once arrest the attention. The interior, with its curious carvings and arrangements, is almost as odd as the exterior. The only stone object is the very ancient font.

The domestic architecture, too, is very picturesque. The houses have often broad Swiss-like galleries and balconies, overhanging eaves, carved doorways and porches. The stabbur, or isolated building, is very odd-looking, with overhanging stories, and sometimes outside stairs. It is

* "I was treated," he says of the peasants of Dalecarlia, "like one of their loved relatives." After his return to America, he received as many as four hundred letters in a year, with such greeting as: "My dear friend and brother Paul," "My unforgotten, my tenderly-beloved Paul," "May God guard thee over the ocean," "A thousand dear and repeated greetings from a faithful friend."

employed for keeping wearing apparel, or stores, probably for protection in case of fire. It is often richly carved. Within the dwelling-house one sees quaint rooms, where are found great bedsteads, reached by a high step, and dressers built into a recess in the wall, carved shelves, on which is kept the Bible and a few sacred books, cupboards with old china, and often on the walls or mantels, or over the beds, a pious inscription or verse of Scripture. "No houses in mediæval Europe," says our author, "can rival in antiquity the farm buildings of Norway." Some date from the eighth century. The exemption of the country from war has permitted them to remain. The same reason has allowed the accumulation of art treasures and paintings.

The winter, and especially the Christmastide, is the great season for merry-making in Norway. The farmers rest from their labours, the dairy work is light. The ample leisure is turned into a high festival.

NORWEGIAN HOLIDAY COSTUME.

Every hamlet and farm is busy in preparing for Christmas; baking, brewing, buying or making Christmas presents, or putting up the Christmas sheaves for the birds. Great cart-loads of grain are brought to the towns for this purpose, and every one, even the poorest, buys a sheaf. Even the horses, cattle, sheep, and goats get a double

COMING TO CHURCH ACROSS FJORD.

supply of food on this Christian festival. The day before Christmas, everything is ready, the house thoroughly cleaned, and leaves of juniper or fir strewn on the floor. Then the whole family take a hot bath in the bake-house, and put on clean linen and new clothes. In the evening the house-father reads from the Liturgy, or the Bible. Often the houses are illuminated and vigil is kept all night, and the people flock to the churches by torchlight.

Early on Christmas morning the voices of children are heard singing—

> "A child is born in Bethlehem,
> That is the joy of Jerusalem,
> Halle, Hallelujah!"

The boys and girls have a jolly time in out-of-door sports, especially snow-shoeing. The snow-shoes are very unlike ours in Canada, being from six or seven, to ten or twelve, or even fourteen or sixteen feet long, and pointed at the ends. They are made of thin fir wood, four or five inches wide. They are fastened by a loop over the foot and are not raised from the snow, but slid along the surface. The difficulty is to keep them parallel. The natives, Du Chaillu says, can travel with them ten or fifteen miles in an hour. Often on Christmas Eve, a Christmas-tree, and dance, and song, and love-gifts, and mirth, celebrate the happy day. Even the stranger is not forgotten, and friend Paul received many tokens of remembrance.

The people are very fond of music, singing-clubs, choir-practice, and the like. In some remote towns almost every house has a piano—one for every twenty-five persons. But many of them are small and inexpensive. Even the Lapps are religiously instructed, and have, in their sub-arctic solitudes, their Bible and hymn-books, and can often speak Lapp, Finnish, Swedish, and Norwegian.

On the west coast are numerous fishing villages. Sometimes the catch of cod by a single fleet is half

a million in a day. Determined to see everything for himself, the indefatigable Paul went to sea with the fishermen—sharing their toils and dangers. "He never," he says, "heard one of them, under any provocation, swear." Their honesty and piety he highly commends. At Henningsvær he found the church crowded with 3,000 fishermen, each one with his church-service book. "I doubt," he says, "if such a scene could be witnessed in any other Christian country."

Of the many fishing towns in Norway that of Bergen on the west coast is one of the busiest. It is a remarkable blending of the quaint and old in the architecture of its buildings, and the up-to-date twentieth century in its electric lights and trolley cars. When the fishing fleet crowds the harbour and the sailors and fishermen crowd the streets it is indeed a busy scene.

An example of the striking sea cliffs of Norway is that at Hornelen, the most abrupt and precipitous of any in Europe.

The railway and road construction, as may well be supposed in this land of mountains and fjords, presents remarkable engineering difficulties. Two of our cuts will indicate the character of these. It is remarkable what splendid roads are constructed, winding in great ribbon-like curves up and down the mountain slopes. Over these rattle the coaches of the country, and the peculiar light carriage known as the cariole, a vehicle not unlike the caleche of Lower Canada, only the driver stands behind on a sort of footman's platform, and guides his steed with the skill of a Jehu.

Probably no country in Europe has better educational provision than Norway and Sweden. Every village has its school, and every school its library. In one Du Chaillu found 30,000 volumes. There are two universities, with 173 professors and over 2,000 students, and this in a poor country, with a population not as great as that of Canada. The University of Upsala is over 400 years old. It has a library of 200,000 volumes, and 8,000 MSS., many of them very valuable. English, French, and German literature is well represented in the school libraries—Dickens and Thackeray being favourites. The art and technological schools are far ahead of anything we can show. We may learn a good deal from our Norse friends. Even in remote farms, the house-mother will teach the younger children, and the father will often train the boys for the high school. In small towns, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, German, and English are taught, and the three last are frequently spoken by young ladies of the better class.

In the free public and in the private schools 97 per cent. of the children of school-age were in attendance. Half-an-hour every day is spent in Bible-reading, hymn-singing, and prayer; and religion is taught by precept and example. Du Chaillu contrasts this popular diffusion of education with the ignorance of some southern countries of Europe, where the governments subsidize the theatres and neglect the schools. And the country is not a rich one; but, on the contrary, very poor. In some of the remote parishes, for instance, a farm serving-man will labour a whole year for a wage of ten dollars and a suit of clothes. The aged poor are not herded in great poor-houses, but are boarded round in farm-houses, and treated with much kindness and consideration. To the popular education he attributes the fact that very few strikes or labour troubles occur in Norway or Sweden, and Communism and Nihilism are unknown.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.*

BY THE EDITOR.

III.—THE FUGITIVE SLAVES IN CANADA.

THE hardships which many of the refugees underwent in Canada were severe. One of them, writing from Hamilton, Canada West, to Fred. Douglass, said: "Twenty-one years ago I stood on this spot, penniless, ragged, lonely, homeless, helpless, hungry, and forlorn. Hamilton was a cold wilderness for the fugitive when I came there."

There were at first no schools, no churches, and very little preaching or other consolations of religion to which the negroes had been accustomed. Their poverty, their ignorance, their fears, made their condition very pitiable. "Yet," says Siebert, "it was brightened much by the compassionate interest of the Canadian people, who were so tolerant as to admit them to a share in the equal rights that could at that time be found in America only in the territory of a monarchical government."

Generous efforts were soon made to meet their religious needs. As early as 1838 a mission was begun among them. Schools were established and other means adopted for the betterment of their social condition. A manual labour institute was begun at Amherstburg. They were visited by anti-slavery friends from the United States, John Brown, Levi Coffin, and others. Mr. Coffin, describing the condition of some of these former slaves, writes:

> "They owned good farms, and were perhaps worth more than their former masters. . . Many fugitives arrived weary and footsore, with their clothing in rags, having been torn by briers and bitten by dogs on their way, and when the precious boon of freedom was obtained, they found themselves possessed of little else, in a country unknown to them and a climate much colder than that to which they were accustomed." Yet they soon earned an honest living, and not a few amassed considerable property.

Mr. Clay remonstrated with the British Government for harbouring these refugees: "They are generally," he alleged, "the most worthless of their class, and far, therefore, from being an acquisition which the British Government can be anxious to make. The sooner, we should think, they are gotten rid of the better for Canada." "But," says Professor Siebert, "the Canadians did not at any time adopt this view." The Government gave the exiles welcome and protection and land on easy terms. Under the benign influence of Lord Elgin, then Governor-General, the Elgin Association was formed for the purpose of settling the refugees on Clergy Reserve and Crown lands in the township of Raleigh. In the so-called Queen's Bush, a vast region stretching towards Lake Huron, many fugitives hewed out for themselves homes in the wilderness. At Dawn, near Dresden, as early as 1842, a negro settlement was formed. The Revs. Hiram Wilson and Josiah Henson organized a training institute. Several hundred acres of land were secured, on which in ten years

* For the portraits illustrating this article we are indebted to the courtesy of the America Company Publishers, 5 Park Square, Boston.

LEVI COFFIN RECEIVING A BAND OF FUGITIVES.

there were five hundred settlers, with sixty pupils in the school. In other settlements adjacent, says Mr. Henson, there were between three and four thousand refugees, and the pupils reached the number of one hundred and sixteen. Thus was anticipated by nearly half a century the industrial training which Booker T. Washington has so successfully organized at Tuskegee, Alabama.

At Buxton, in Kent County, a settlement named after Thomas Fowell Buxton, the famous philanthropist, was organized, and in 1848 the Elgin Association was incorporated. Ten years later Dr. Howe reports two thousand acres deeded to negro owners, and two hundred neat cottages erected, with a population of about one thousand. He writes:

> "There is no tavern, and no groggery; but there is a chapel and a schoolhouse. . . . Most interesting of all are the inhabitants. Twenty years ago most of them were slaves, who owned nothing, not even their children. Now they own themselves; they own their houses and farms; and they have their wives and children about them. They are enfranchised citizens of a government which protects their rights."

A saloon was opened in the Buxton settlement, but could not find customers enough to support it, and so was closed within a year.

Other similar but less noted colonies, one bearing the honoured name of the philanthropist Wilberforce, were established. Some of the negroes' best friends, however, considered that they would succeed better if thrown upon their own resources and encouraged to cultivate self-reliance. Their gregarious instinct, however, tended to keep them together. The refugees for the most part gravitated to the towns and cities — Amherstburgh, Windsor, Chatham, St. Catharines, Hamilton, and Toronto—where they cultivated small gardens and performed such lowly labours as wood sawing, whitewashing, hotel service, laundry work and the like. A less number found homes and occupations at Kingston and Montreal, and a few at St. John and Halifax.

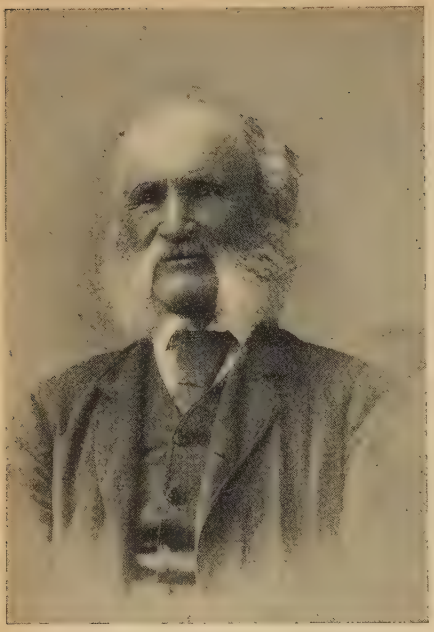
The negroes at Dawn were reported to be "generally very prosperous farmers—of good morals, and mostly Methodists and Baptists." Out of three or four thousand coloured people, not one, says Josiah Henson, was sent to gaol for any infraction of the law during the seven years from 1845 to 1852.

In 1852 the Anti-Slavery Society of Canada reported that there were about 30,000 coloured residents in Upper Canada, nearly all being refugees. About ten years later Principal Willis, of Knox College, who took deep interest in their condition, estimated the number at 60,000. This was doubtless an overestimate. After the War the number very greatly decreased, many returning to the northern tier of States and some further south.

The Canadian census of 1901 reports in the whole Dominion 17,437 negroes, more than half of whom, namely, 8,935, dwell in Ontario, 5,984 in Nova Scotia, 1,368 in New Brunswick, and only 532 in British Columbia, and 280 in Quebec.*

A few of the refugees followed the blacksmith and carpenter trades, fewer still kept small stores, and some accumulated real estate and a degree of wealth. Many of them

* The negro population seems to be continuously decreasing in the Dominion. The census of 1871 reports a total of 21,496, not including Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia and the Territories, which were not then in the Dominion. Of these, 13,435 were in Ontario, 6,212 in Nova Scotia, 1,701 in New Brunswick, and 148 in Quebec. In 1881 the negro population in the whole Dominion was 21,394, of whom 12,097 were in Ontario, 7,062 in Nova Scotia, 1,638 in New Brunswick, 274 in British Columbia, 155 in Prince Edward Island, 141 in Quebec, 25 in Manitoba, and 2 in the Territories.



THE LATE LEWIS G. CLARK, OF BOSTON.
The original George Harris of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

owned small neat homes, though sometimes the unthrift inherited from slavery days was seen in the unkempt and dilapidated premises. Dr. Howe considered their state better than that of the foreign immigrants in the same regions. Sunday schools were early established in the negro settlements, the Bible was read in many humble homes, not a few negroes learning to read and write after reaching adult years.

The tendency of the fugitives to association was shown in the organization of what were known as "True Bands," a sort of mutual improvement clubs; one at Chatham had a membership of 375, and one at Malden a membership of about 600. Religious organizations were formed among them, chiefly of the Methodist and Baptist persuasion, perpetuating the modes of worship of these churches in the Southern States. Most of the meeting places were devoid of architectural pretensions and were sometimes rude and almost primitive. The worship was largely of an emotional character, marked by the vigour and often the eloquence of the address and the beauty of the singing, which were not infrequently accompanied by hand-clapping and other physical demonstrations.

Among their ministers were many devout and pious men, some of them possessing much ability and persuasive eloquence. Of these we may mention the Revs. Wm. Mitchell, Josiah Henson, Elder Hawkins, and Bishop Disney of the Methodist Episcopal Church. (The latter three were born slaves.) They accomplished much good among the coloured race in Canada. A few of the negroes joined white churches, but for the most part they worshipped together. The franchise was freely given them on the payment of the same amount of taxes as was paid by the white people.

As may well be imagined, many touching scenes took place as each band of fugitives reached the land of liberty. Many families long separated were reunited. "Each new band of pilgrims as it came ashore at some Canadian port was scanned by little groups of negroes eagerly looking for familiar faces. Strange and solemn reunions, after years of separation and hardship, took place along the friendly shores of Canada."

A large number of fugitives from slavery considered themselves safe, at least till after 1850, within the borders of the Free States. Josiah Henson estimated that in 1852 there were as many as 50,000 former slaves living in the States. But this was always at considerable risk of being kidnapped or, after the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, of being restored by law to bondage. "The Southern people," says Professor

Siebert, "apparently regarded their right to recover their escaped slaves as unquestionable as their right to reclaim their stray cattle, and they were determined to have the former as freely and fully recognized in the North as the latter."

There sprang up a class of men who made it their business to track runaway slaves. They watched the advertisements of such runaways, and haunted the abolition communities or towns for their detection. The Rev. L. B. Grimes, a coloured man, had organized a church of fugitive slaves in Boston. On the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Bill forty of them fled to Canada. One of the number, Sims, under guard of three hundred Boston policemen, was restored to slavery.

The Rev. J. S. C. Abbott recites a stirring story of a rescue in Boston. A fugitive slave girl married a coloured man named Crafts in that city. To them were born two children. "A young, healthy, energetic mother with two fine boys was a rich prize." An attempt was, therefore, made in 1852 to abduct them. Seibert writes:

"These Boston boys, born beneath the shadow of Faneuil Hall, the sons of a free citizen of Boston, and educated in the Boston free schools, were, by the compromises of the Constitution, admitted to be slaves, the property of a South Carolinian planter. The Boston father had no right to his own sons."

Warned in time the mother fled with her children and escaped by a Cunard steamer to Halifax.

Senator Charles Sumner declared that "as many as six thousand Christian men and women, meritorious persons,— a *larger band than that of the escaping Puritans,*— precipitately fled from homes which they had established."

The coloured Baptist Church of Rochester, out of a membership of one hundred and fourteen fugitive slaves, lost a hundred and twelve, including the pastor, who fled for safety to Canada. Similar numbers escaped from Buffalo, Detroit, and other border cities. The persons who aided the escape of such fugitives were subject to severe penalties even before the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act.

Mr. Newton, of Michigan, was fined the sum of $2,850 for aiding fugitive slaves, and against Mr. R. R. Sloan, of Sandusky, Ohio, was given a verdict of $3,330 for aiding the escape of fugitive slaves, besides $1,393 in law costs. In 1856 Margaret Garner, a slave woman, fled with her four children to Cincinnati, Ohio. Frenzied with fear of capture she killed her favourite child, but with the surviving children was restored to slavery.

The Canadian freedmen gave a warm welcome to the fugitives. A declaration which they issued ran in part as follows:

"Including our children, we number here in Canada 20,000 souls. The population in the free States are, with few exceptions, the fugitive slave's friends. We are poor. We can do little more for your deliverance than pray to God for it. We will furnish you with pocket compasses, and in the dark nights you can run away."

Upon the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law in 1850, Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, declared:

"The freemen of Ohio will never turn out to chase the panting fugitive. They will never be metamorphosed into bloodhounds, to track him to his hiding-place, and seize and drag him out, and deliver him to his tormentors. Rely upon it they will die first. Let no man tell me there is no higher law than this Fugitive Bill. We feel there is a law of right, of justice, of freedom, implanted in the breast of every intelligent human being, that bids him look with scorn upon the libel on all that is called law."

The appearance of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in 1850, and of its Key of corroborative evidence in 1853, aroused the conscience of

ELLEN CRAFT.

Disguised as a planter, she escaped to Boston in 1848, bringing her husband as valet. Portrait loaned by Simeon Dodge, of Marblehead, who harboured her and helped her to get away to England.

the North like the peal of a clarion. In 1854, Anthony Burns, a fugitive slave was arrested in Boston; but, through the zeal of the abolitionists, the city was set ablaze with excitement. At a meeting held in Faneuil Hall it was decided to rescue Burns by force from the court-house gaol which, defended by troops, had the air of a beleaguered fortress. A thousand soldiers furnished with loaded cannon, assisted by four platoons of marines and a battalion of artillery, conducted Burns to the United States revenue cutter by which he was carried back to Virginia. Fifty thousand people lined the streets, greeted the procession with hisses and groans and displayed emblems of mourning and shame.

It does not lie within the scope of this paper to describe the Free Soil struggles in Kansas, nor the career of John Brown, but Professor Siebert quotes the estimate that the "attack on Harper's Ferry caused the value of slave property in Virginia to decline to the extent of ten million dollars." Not a few thoughtful minds agreed that the existence of the Underground Railway was on the whole a fortunate thing for the slave States; that it was, as the negro historian, Williams, has said, "a safety-valve to the institution of slavery. As soon as leaders arose among the slaves, who refused to endure the yoke, they would go North. Had they remained, there must have been enacted at the South the direful scenes of San Domingo."

General Quitman, Governor of Louisiana, declared in 1850 that the South had lost 100,000 slaves in the previous forty years, whose value he estimated at $30,000,000. Both the number of fugitives and their value were, doubtless, very much exaggerated. In addition to these it is asserted that the American Colonization Society, whose object was to remove free blacks from the South to the coast of Africa, sent out in forty years previous to 1857, 9,502 emigrants. The solution of the slavery problem was evidently not repatriation in their original home.

In the year 1860 a very stirring international episode occurred in the city of Toronto. It was one of the most remarkable cases ever tried in Canada, both from the public sympathy that was called forth and from the points of law involved. A very dull account of this trial is given both in the Upper Canada Queen's Bench Reports and Common Pleas Reports.* The facts of the case were as follows: John Anderson, a slave belonging to one McDonald, in Missouri, had left his

* Queen's Bench Reports, Vol. XX., Second Ed., pp. 124-193, Michaelmas Term, 24 Victoria, 1860. Court of Common Pleas Reports, Vol. XI., Second Ed., pp. 9-72, Hilary Term, 24 Victoria.

owner's house with the intention of escaping from slavery. About thirty miles from his home he met with one Diggs, a planter, working in a field with his negroes. Diggs told Anderson that as he had not a pass he could not allow him to proceed. Anderson tried to run away from his captor, when Diggs ordered his slaves, four in number, to take him a prisoner. Diggs himself attempted his arrest, was stabbed by Anderson, and in a few days died of his wound. Anderson in the meantime made good his escape and got away to Canada. This was in September, 1853. After seven years' residence in Canada Anderson was tracked by a slave catcher, charged with murder, and his surrender demanded under a clause of the Ashburton Treaty providing for the extradition of slaves guilty of crimes committed in the United States. Lord Elgin, the Governor-General of Canada, in response to an appeal on behalf of Anderson, replied to the effect that "in case of a demand for John Anderson, he should require the case to be tried in their British court; and if twelve freeholders should testify that he had been a man of integrity since his arrival in their dominion, it should clear him."

The magistrate who examined the case at Brantford decided that the charge against Anderson was sustained. The case was brought before the Court of Queen's Bench, Toronto, which court decided that Anderson should be given up. Intense excitement was created throughout the country by this decision. Public meetings were held and strong protests were made against the surrender of the hunted fugitive. It was argued that in defending himself against recapture to bondage, and to condign punishment and probably a cruel death, he was exercising an inalienable right. The Court of Queen's Bench gave a decision, Justice McLean strongly dissenting, not for his surrender, but against his discharge, leaving him to be dealt with by the Government which might find sufficient reasons for not complying with the requisition from the United States. Justice McLean expressed his strong dissent in these words: "In administering the law of a British province, I can never feel bound to recognize as law any enactment which can convert into chattels a very large number of the human race. I think that on every ground the prisoner is entitled to be discharged."

So profound was the interest in this case that after the decision in Canada was known in England, the Habeas Corpus was applied for and granted by the Court of Queen's Bench in that country. Before that could be executed, however, the prisoner had obtained a similar writ from the Court of Common Pleas in Canada. The result was that the prisoner was discharged on the grounds of informality of his committal. There can be little doubt, however, that all the legal resources of Great Britain would have been employed for the defence of this lowly black prisoner.

The present writer has a very vivid recollection of a great public meeting of sympathy with this fugitive slave, held in St. Lawrence Hall, Toronto, in which the Hon. George Brown and Dr. Daniel Wilson, President of Toronto University, took a prominent part. He was also present at the reading of the decisions of three judges before the Court of Queen's Bench at Toronto. It was an occasion of thrilling interest. The fugitive slave was brought to the court in a cab surrounded by a body of police carrying muskets with fixed bayonets—so great was the fear of a popular rescue. Chief Justice Robinson gave a learned judgment to the effect that Anderson should be given

up. Judge Burns followed in an impressive address to the same effect. During the reading of these judgments, which were heard in death-like silence, the poor negro turned almost pale with trepidation. As Judge McLean pronounced his decision that the prisoner should *not* be surrendered, a cheer that could not be restrained, burst from the lips of the audience, was caught up by the thousands gathered outside of the hall, and rang from street to street till the news was known throughout the city.

Coincident with these events was the secession of South Carolina and the organization of the Southern Confederacy. Then followed the four years' war with, as one of its results, the abolition of the last vestige of slavery on the continent.

THE CZAR'S VISION.

BY FRANCES E. W. HARPER.

To the Czar of all the Russias
Came a vi ion bright and fair,
The joy of unburdened millions
Floating gladly on the air;
The laughter and songs of children,
Of maidens so fair and bright,
Of mothers who never would tremble
Where war and carnage blight.

The harvest had ceased to ripen
On fields all drenched with blood,
And the seas were no more ensanguined
With an awful crimson flood;
The peaceful streets no longer
Gave back the martial tread,
And over the ransomed nations
The banner of love was spread.

Instead of the tramp of armies
Was patter of little feet,
And the blare of bugles and trumpets
Had melted in music sweet.

The streams tripped lightly seaward,
Unfreighted with human gore,
The valleys and hills were brightened
And shuddered with war no more.

There were homes where peace and plenty
Around happy hearths did smile,
And the touch of baby fingers
Could sorrow and care beguile.
The cannon had ceased its bristling,
Its mission of death was o'er,
And the world so weary of carnage
Learned the art of war no more.

And earth, once so sorrow-laden,
Grew daily more fair and bright,
Till peace our globe had enfolded
And millions walked in its light.
'Twas a bright and beautiful vision
Of nations disarmed and free,
And the poor and needy blessed him
For the world's first jubilee.

AN AUTUMN FIELD.

How rich and full in June's all-perfectness
Was the lush grass which, in this ample field,
Grew riotously glad! How prodigal the yield
Of every flower whose absence had made less
The bounteous whole! Now, where that sweet excess
Abounded, to itself has bareness sealed
The thriftless sods: reft, like a glorious shield
Of all its wrought and painted loveliness.

Yet not quite all; for here and there behold
A flower like those which made the summer sweet
Puts forth some meagre tint of red or gold,
To make the barrenness seem more complete.
Such overflow of life, such wealth of bliss;
Now for remembrance and endurance – this!

—*John White Chadwick.*

AFRICA IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.*

BY FREDERICK PERRY NOBLE, PH.D.

PHYSICAL Asia is huge, but Africa is hardly less vast. Africa, unlike India, is not a country, but a group of countries. Unlike Australia and Europe—continents of about three million square miles each — Africa constitutes the virtual equivalent of four continents; its area, in round numbers, being twelve million square miles. North America and South America could both be put into Africa.

Its climate and peoples afford still more serious problems. Seven-tenths of Africa lie between the tropics. It has a northern sub-tropical zone where white men thrive, balanced at the opposite extreme by a southern half-tropical land whose climate is ideal and makes it a Mediterranean Europe. But between extends Negroland, the sun-scorched home of the Saharan. Here the Eternal has placed a home in perpetuity for the African negro, yet whose healthful uplands Europeans can colonize. But for centuries Africa will, as a whole, remain in possession of its native races. Nature made them sons of the soil. The African is falling more and more under the suzerainty of European masters. Britain, France, and Germany will be the lords paramount.

To lift China's myriads is no light business, but China is highly cultured, and has a moral code and four or five religious cults; Africa, by comparison, is naked, non-moral, savagely superstitious. To raise India's masses is not an easy task, though India is civilized and religious. Atrica, relatively, is barbarous and non-religious. Its missions experience such a combination of difficulties, so numerous and so singular, as are nowhere paralleled. To infuse pagan Africa, the gigantic Frankenstein of humanity, with true life, the Divine life, is the Holy War to which the twentieth century is summoned by Christianity.

In this virgin land, during the nineteenth century, history has forged an epic to the anvil chorus of thunder peals. Since then, it has produced more historical results than has any other area of British influence. The tragic clash of races; the white man's march; the fall of the black men's lordship; the finding of diamonds and gold, and the passing of the Boer republics in the lightnings and thunders of battle, caused the Cape of Good Hope to become morally what Diaz named it physically—the Cape of Storms.

With the end of South Africa's old order, the rising sun of this century brings God's New Year. His eternal day holds the promise and potency of a nobler South Africa. It will yet become the Christian

* "Christendom Anno Domini MDCCCCI." Illustrated. A Presentation of Christian Conditions and Activities in every Country of the World at the beginning of the Twentieth Century by more than sixty competent contributors. Two vols. Edited by Rev. William D. Grant, Ph.D. With Introductory Note by President Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xx-582; xiii-471. Price, $3.50 net, postpaid.

We have pleasure in abridging from this noble and comprehensive work, this brilliant survey of the "Dark Continent and its Missionary Problems."—ED.

democracy in common of the heroic Boer and the magnanimous Briton; of the white man—bearing other men's burdens no less than his own —and the white man's brother in black, "God's image in ebony."

West Africa ranks next in relative weight as an African potentiality, though North Africa presses it hard on account of Egypt's immense importance, the most available Mediterranean inlet into Sahara being through Algeria. European commerce — afterward seconded by American trade—slaving and traffic in liquors, long wreaked its worst upon the negro population. West Africa had no history proper until 1884, when the Berlin Conference created the Kongo State. Its routes to the interior consist of streams emptying either into the Atlantic or Lake Chad. The Senegal, Niger and Kongo open water-ways into the healthier countries beyond the deadly coast.

Religiously, North Africa is the largest Moslem land-area on earth. It is the stubbornest spiritual soil in Africa, thanks to the sterilizing effect of Islam upon its eighteen or twenty million Mohammedans, and has so far yielded the least results of any mission field of the once lost and hopeless continent. The soil for Christian missions appears dust and ashes; yet, as the waters of the Nile give life to the adjoining desert sands, so the waters of life from America and Europe, flowing upon Moslem Africa, will yet reward the toil of the Christian husbandman with an abundant harvest.

East Africa, though facing an Orient sun, is, relatively, an unimportant sphere. It has no real history; is a medley of peoples; has been influenced by south-western Asia; and, including Madagascar, as ought to be done, stands second to South Africa in missionary enterprise, though ranking below West and even North Africa in political importance. It is the youngest of African mission-spheres.

In the development of Africa the Bantu is the weightiest native factor. The beauty, plastic power and richness of the Bantu languages amaze scholars. Their flexibility, pliancy and softness are almost limitless; their grammatical principles founded on the most philosophical and systematic basis; their vocabularies susceptible of infinite expansion, offering an opportunity for the expression of the most delicate shadings of elevated thought and Christian feeling.

Second in importance, perhaps, comes the Sudanese negro. His home is over thirty-five hundred miles long, but it averages only seven hundred miles in extent from north to south. The situation between the Atlantic and the Nile has made the Sudan the greatest of those horrible hunting grounds whose game consists of human beings.

Of the group of negro languages the Hausa has become the most popular, and has travelled farthest. It serves not only as the mother-tongue of fifteen millions of negroes, but as a *lingua franca* between Sudanese tribes of different tongues, and even as a world-speech between Sudanese and Mediterranean Africa. It is remarkable for simplicity, elegance and wealth of vocabulary. It ranks among man's imperial languages—the Latin of Central Sudan—magnificent, rich and sonorous, beautiful and facile in grammatical structure; exhibiting a harmony in its word-forms, and a symphonal symmetry that few tongues can equal.

The Hausa race is so remarkable as to require a word. It possesses energy, intelligence, industry and judgment. The men are skilful

artisans, almost artists, in working leather, metals and other materials. The people possess histories, songs and tales in Hausa, and are credited with being the sole negroes that ever, apart from "Caucasian" influence, prized a book. While nominally they are followers of Mohammed, they know little of Islam, and remained free from the once formidable fanaticism of the Mahdists in Egypt. The conversion of such a race would honour Christianity, and become a powerful missionary force in the evangelization of Nigeria.

The negro has been styled the Saint John of human races. His type is essentially feminine. The negro is inquisitive but timid; coquettish and jealous; a gossip, quick to love, quarrel and be reconciled. Delighting in submission to the worthy, he readily sacrifices himself, even for the unworthy. This docility and devotion, his fine physique and great strength, make him as ideal a servant as the Chinese. Less sensitive in temperament than the European and the American, the negro's nervous life is less intense.

This black brother of ours, this barbarian in the ethical sphere, is not so much immoral as non-moral. He, like all other men, is a sinner, himself recognizing this sad fact, however dimly; but unlike most men, he in ethics is an arrested development.

His code of ethics is as strict, on its own plane, as are the mandates of Moses, or of Jesus, for us. He is an overgrown child with a man's body and animal appetites, and his faults as a barbarian are those of human nature. He is a kindly man, relatively no worse than our own forbears, of whom mediæval Europe said: "As savage as an Englishman." He generally treats his slave as a member of his family.

As a farmer, the negro is more efficient than the Chinese and the Hindu. In practising a new handicraft he quickly acquires dexterity. In book-learning his aptness is equally great. His capacity for endurance has proved exhaustless. Pestilence, slavery, spirituous liquors, war and the devastation of barbarism have not exhausted his vitality. He works willingly, even as a slave; and as a free man is capable of any degree or kind of industrial activity. Mother Nature made him one of her born diplomats, orators and traders. His inner life finds expression in a folklore not without poetry and power.

Many negro tribes, untouched by any stimulus from outside, voluntarily rose above the level where Cæsar found the Celts of Britain, and, even from the European and the Christian point of view, had a measure of the factors and forces that initiate real civilization. They possessed the art, most useful, of smelting and working iron. The negro also is more of a bridge-builder than the Teutons that Tacitus knew. Yet he has not devoted his native power solely to material progress. He has revealed natural ability to build states and govern himself. Ashanti and Dahomey prove this; especially, too, as they were realms of woman's rights.

The little progress surviving in Abyssinia is due to a Christian remnant. Providence reserves Abyssinia for some high purpose. With proper government and friendly European influence, with due respect for Ethiopia's independence and rights, Abyssinia may again, as more than once before, come to the front as a civilizing power. May we not hope that British influence will yet be rewarded in bringing Abyssinia back to her place among the Christian nations? The people are an exceptionally able and intelligent stock, little inferior to the

Greek, Italian, Portuguese or Spanish peasantry. They retain enough of the characteristics of Christianity to be considered, with all their shortcomings, a branch of the Christian Church. Ethiopia will yet stretch out her hands unto God, and be blessed anew with power for service.

The Arab always and everywhere has been a disturbing element in the African equation. His language apparently makes itself felt in half, his religion in two-thirds, of the negro continent. The Arab Christianized not only is the providential and predestined apostle to Islam, but by virtue of his world-language, can be made a potent ally of the missionary to the Hamitic and the Nigritic African. Above all, to mention the weightiest influence, lost Islam contains Christian germs in its system that can be turned to good account in addressing the Moslem.

Madagascar is the pearl of the Indian Ocean, whose Hova masters once seemed likely to make it another Japan. The evils of human nature abound, but the vices of barbarous paganism are matched by rare virtues. Firmness in friendship, kindness to the aged and to children, loyalty to rulers and obedience to law, strenuous in exertion, and something of real reverence for womanhood, distinguish the Hova character.

But society rested on slavery, two million Malagasi being slaves not long before the French conquest, and though Hovan serfage was seldom cruel or oppressive, Madagascar's conscience was callous toward the bondman. Christians owned slaves, even church officers purchasing them, and pastors avoided allusions to man's right to freedom. As Christian America, in 1861-65, atoned for centuries of wrong to the coloured race, Christian Madagascar, too, in 1895, rendered atonement at the hand of France for wronging its black brethren. Though Ranavalona II. was the Lincoln of the Hova, her reforms came too late, and failed to go far enough.

The native elements of Hovan culture are noteworthy. The extensive folk-lore reveals intellectuality and imagination. Hovan oratory abounds in figures, metaphors and parables. The language is musical, poetic and rich in parts of speech. Its compound names, appalling us by their length, are felicitous in that they describe salient qualities with graphic terseness. When the Hovas accepted Christianity, their speech became a literary tongue. After 1875 a Hovan Magazine of Literature, Science and Scholarship, partly written by Hovan authors, and wholly printed by Hovan craftsmen, was issued regularly. The Hovas show remarkable readiness is assimilating European ideas. Before 1895 Christianity was the state religion; English and French were taught in fifteen hundred schools, and large numbers of scientific works were translated.

Having thus sketched the native races, let us now glance at those peoples which have come to Africa from almost every country under heaven.

First and foremost, Britain has gripped Africa along its axis. Germany wanted to cut the African pear crosswise, but Britain has carved it longitudinally, and also laid the beam of St. George's cross upon the Niger and the Nile. The best portions of Africa, for those who speak the speech of Shakespeare, and hold the faith of Cromwell, are in the hands of the British.

Southern Africa, from the Cape to Belgian Kongo and Lake Tanganyika, and between German and

Portuguese West Africa, on one side, and Portuguese East Africa on the other, always is, or is becoming, subject to Britain. The Zambesi is as English a river as the Thames. Lake Nyassa is a Scotch loch. Nilotic Africa, from the Mediterranean to Lake Victoria, and Equatorial Africa, from Uganda to Zanzibar, describe the bulk of British possessions in Africa. Cape Colony and Natal form its feet, and Egypt its head. Egypt has virtually become a viceroyalty of the British crown, and the Nile is mastered and harnessed as the Mersey.

Uganda, Zanzibar, and the adjacent areas are British holdings. Only a trifle of a thousand miles or so separates the Briton at the southern end of Lake Tanganyika from his brother on Lake Albert Edward. The Cape to Cairo Railroad will soon be complete. Along such or similar lines runs the trend of the tremendous events to occur in British Africa, north and south, to prepare the way of the Lord.

Britain everywhere has her hands upon the greatest native races—upon the negro, upon the Hamite and Semite. Under God she, in less, or larger degree, for good or ill, influences between sixty and seventy-five millions of Africans.

The Frank comes next, having seized Africa's huge northwestern quarter, much of its equatorial and Sudanese heart, together with magnificent Madagascar. The Frank is the largest landowner in Africa, though many of his holdings are Saharan sand-lots. Algeria and Tunis are his already; he is filching Morocco foot by foot; Senegal and Sudan, from the Atlantic and around Nigeria, and Lake Chad to Kordo, have gravitated into or toward his African empire that, he dreams, is to replace his lost ones in America and India.

Within ten years France will fling a railway or two across Sahara from Algeria to Lake Chad, and Timbuktu, and another from the Atlantic to the Nile. The great results that she has already wrought in Algeria, Senegal and Tunis—the first, indeed, having become an integral part of France—show what she is doing in Kongo, Madagascar and Sudan. But France, the fair, alas! is a morally decrepit nation. She has neither the men nor the stamina to master the tropics. Protestant missions in French Africa may have little to hope from this papal power, but they have less to fear; and Catholic Christianity, in leaning upon the secular arm of this "son of the church," trusts a broken reed.

Belgium, the pygmy, and Germany, the giant, are the next great powers in Africa. If the Teutonic colossus apparently dominates Europe, the Belgian dwarf, by virtue of his position at the centre, holds the balance of power in Africa. The Belgians have worked wonders; putting one railroad around Livingstone Cataracts, planning another across-country to the Tanganyika, and exploiting the natural resources enormously. But their treatment of the natives leaves much to be desired, although they have done nobly in measurably stopping slave-traffic. They foster missions as civilizing agents; Protestants have little to complain of.

Germany has the least advantageously situated and the least valuable portion of the African division. The Germans have been drastic and hasty in their handling of Africans; but experience is teaching much, and their commercial enterprise and scientific instincts and procedure render them highly effective coefficients in the redemption of Africa. Christianity and its African missions, Protestant

and Roman, have a zealous co-labourer in Germany.

Liberia is a kind of African Belgium, existing by sufferance, but hardly, as Belgium does, justifying its existence. If not effaced, it may yet render real service to its negro neighbours.

Portugal is impotent to improve her possessions, and will not improbably part with them to Britain and Germany.

Turkey receives tribute from Egypt, and rules Tripoli, Fezzan and Barka—after a fashion; but "no grass ever grows where a Turkish steed has stamped his hoof," and the Turk's exit from Africa is simply a question of time.

The slave-trade is more and more becoming a thing of the past, while the liquor-traffic is having imposed upon it fresh restrictions. The powers with whose commerce it interferes can be depended upon to prevent its ravages from ruining their African prosperity, even if they have little regard for the rights of native races, and less wish to save them.

As to the social and political effects of Islam, a well-informed writer states: "Islam is at the bottom of the ills under which Africa suffers;" and Schweinfurth declares that "Islam's banner is the banner of blood." Its temper, however, is becoming more malleable and less intolerant. With all its faults Islam, therefore, may become a schoolmaster to lead its multitudes of followers to Christ, and so result in the fulfilment of Abraham's prayer: "O that Ishmael might live before Thee!" Oh, the pity of it, that Christianity should not present in Africa a solid front in the presence of the giants, Islam and Paganism!

Among the Kopts in Egypt a spiritual revolution of wide scope and great force is well under way. Credit for this is due mainly to the unceasing labours of the (U. S.) United Presbyterian Church. This church sustains at Asyut the only Protestant Christian college in Egypt. This college began in a donkey stable thirty-six years ago. It has now an enrollment of seven hundred students, from all but one of the fourteen provinces of Egypt. Forty-seven years have passed since the first missionary landed; now there are 6,500 church-members, fifty native preachers, and 14,000 pupils in the schools.

The Roman Catholic Church has extensive missions and has done heroic work in Africa, but unless she adopts the methods of her Protestant sister, and gives the Bible to her children, her labours must lack permanency.

Protestantism in Africa represents mainly three great world-powers—Britain, Germany and America. The first of these bears the palm for missionary enterprise in Africa; doing more than both the other two combined. Yet the Protestants of France, Holland, Switzerland, and Norway and Sweden are also represented in mission work in the Dark Continent. As many as two hundred and seventy-four societies, of all communions and countries, are engaged in African evangelization; even then, there is but one missionary to 175,000 of the population. Of the one hundred and fifty languages and four hundred dialects, the missionary now employs about one hundred and twenty-five. The Bible, as a whole, or in part, has been translated into one hundred and twenty of them.

It is next to impossible to obtain accurate statistics. In missions proper there are said to be, including Madagascar, 800,000 Protestant native adherents, as against 400,000 Roman Catholics. For Africa, Dr. Dennis enumerates fourteen colleges and universities, sixty-three

theological seminaries and training schools, seventy boarding schools—the pupils numbering 4,729; day schools, 1,588, with 91,000 scholars; industrial schools, 113; medical schools, 3. African mission schools of all grades—including Madagascar—were credited in 1898 with 140,000 students.

"We have only," says Henry M. Stanley, "to think of Uganda, with its 200 churches and cathedral, and its 50,000 native Christians, read the latest official reports from Nyassa Land, and glance at the latest map of Africa, to be convinced of the zeal, devotion, and industry of the missionaries."

Bishop J. C. Hartzell, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in an address before sailing for his distant field, expressed himself in a most optimistic mood respecting the future of Africa:

"Yesterday, Africa was the continent of history, of mystery, and of tragedy; to-day it is is the continent of opportunity; to-morrow, if the Church is true to itself, it will be the continent of triumphant victories for Christ.

"The government of Africa is fixed. It is to be under the white man. For thousands of years its millions have lived without painting a picture, building a city, or organizing a complex government. The divinely given and excellent qualities of the native African have been preserved, but now the continent, with its multitudes, has passed under the rule of the sons of Japhet. England, Germany, and France hold the destiny of Africa. There will be no war between them over that continent.

"As in India, English rule prepared the way and made possible the triumphs of Christ and His kingdom, so it will be in Africa. Civil and religious liberty, with friendship to all missionary enterprises, will soon be assured everywhere."

WORDSWORTH.

BY R. BOAL.

He, who loved nature with a heart devout,
Through many a field and forest rambled far,
And realized deep joy in flower and star,
He, who in childhood's hour did leap and shout,
In the glad freedom of an English boy,
When neither care nor trouble did annoy,
And the tall mountain, and the gloomy wood,
His youthful mind with glorious thought imbued;
Those joys and raptures o'er, sad music came
From suffering mankind. Then the poet's aim
Rose up sublime, to let the nation see,
The multitudes, all touched with cecity;*
How beyond nature dwelt a power divine,
And in the humblest life that power may shine.

* "Cecity," signifying *blindness*, from Latin *coecitas*, through French *cecite* is used by Sir Thomas Brown and by Matthew Arnold in his ode on Dean Stanley. The word is an apt one to express the literary blindness of that age.—R. B.

UNDER CASTILIAN SKIES.

THE SILVER NIGHTS OF CASTILE.

BY L'INCONNU.

THE TOILET—OPEN-AIR SOIREE ON THE ALAMEDA.

WE stood on a bridge of the Manzanares and watched the moon riding slowly up the blue steep of heaven. A myriad stars trembled in the depths of the clear Castilian sky. The royal palace looked down like a sentinel from its place on the bluff and the varied sounds of Madrid came floating on the evening air. My companion was reading some little Spanish ditties he had collected on our journey. Reading, leaning on the bridge-rail by moonlight! That is one of the luxuries of a night in Spain. Nowhere else had we found nights so clear and with such an unfathomable depth of sky, such a luminous brilliancy of moon and star. Even the skies of Italy were not so blue and deep as these Spanish skies.

We were loath to leave night and sky and river, but we had accepted an invitation to the Countess Guadijo's tertulia for that evening, not having the faintest idea what a tertulia might mean. It might

THE GAY COSTERMONGERS OF ANDALUSIA.

have been anything from a five-o'clock tea to a public execution. We found on arriving that it was much more nearly allied to the former. In short, it corresponds in a large measure to our idea of an "at-home"; but an "at-home" minus formality. We have nothing so delightfully informal by way of evening entertainment.

The tertulia is simply the group of friends a particular lady entertains in her drawing-room. Sometimes it is not even in a private drawing-room, but some general meeting-place is chosen as the Solan del Prado. Here the different groups draw their chairs together and a number of tertulias are held. There is no difficulty about getting introduced into the society of Madrid. One has simply to know some one attending one of these tertulias. This is sufficient even to be presented at court. There is no caste, no exclusiveness about Spanish social life. That is one of the striking characteristics of the country. You soon learn that no one sees any reason why he should not be considered the equal of everybody else. The butler joins in the conversation of those he serves at table when he finds it of interest; the domestic, the cobbler, the fishmonger, all seem happily devoid of any conception of inequality between themselves and those whom they serve.

The proverb "beneath the King all are equal," has a special application in Spain. The very beggar on the street when refused alms expects the respectable answer, "Pardon me, for the love of God, my brother." A Spaniard entering a shop salutes the woman at the counter, or even at the market stall, with exactly the same bow and formula with which he greets a duchess. What wonder if the Englishman or American coming in to make his purchases in his brusque manner gets classed as an uncouth bear.

One can understand then the mixed character of the tertulia which we entered an hour later. Some sixty or seventy guests were assembling and whenever there was a fresh arrival of the fair sex everybody rose and stood while she made the circuit of the room, shaking hands and kissing her friends on

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

both cheeks. When a lady and gentleman were introduced the first thing the gentleman did was to ask her Christian name, after which he made free use of it during the rest of the evening, the lady doing the same with his. So common is this use of the Christian name that one frequently hears a child of five addressing some gray-haired grandmother as "Luisa," or "Mariquita."

But there were no little cosy corners as in our own land, no sitting out on stairs *à deux*. The conversation was general and apparently enjoyed by all. About twelve o'clock light refreshments were served. These usually consist of lemonade, tea or chocolate. One heaves a sigh when one thinks of the work and expense that a corresponding affair would entail in our own Canada.

We went back to our chambers wondering if after all we could not get a few helpful hints from foreign lands. We went to our chambers but not to sleep as yet. The moon was still hovering full and bright on the white brows of the Guadarramas; the languid melody of a rich masculine voice, the tinkling notes of a guitar—these beneath our window. A serenade! We understood in a moment. The landlord had a fair daughter in the room beneath our own. We had several times seen little missives lowered over the window-sill and once a fair hand,

A TOLEDO PRIEST.

SCOURGING A PENITENT.

a very fair and beautiful hand, had glided out through the iron gratings to waiting lips below. The windows in Spain have much to answer for with regard to the courtships in that land.

As late as the last half century many fathers of the upper classes preferred that their daughters should not learn to read and write, since it enabled them to carry on clandestine correspondence. But Cupid has ways for those unlearned in these mysterious arts, that is, if we may judge from street scenes.

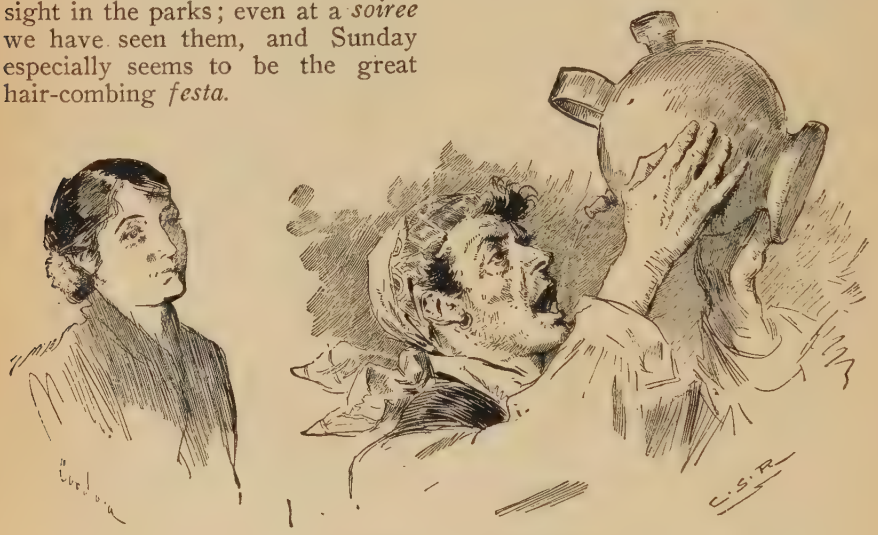
A striking evidence of the illiteracy of Spain is the presence in the streets and squares of public letter writers. You will often see bright and pretty-looking girls dictating their love-letters to a grim old fellow who, for a trifling fee, puts them in high-sounding Castilian phrase. Our frontispiece illustrates this curious phase of society. The other figures in the engraving are the omnipresent priests to whom the peasant makes respectful obeisance. The grim, prison-like structure in the background is a type of the ordinary dwellings—very stern without, but within is a patio where fountains sparkle and flowers bloom.

A STRANGE FUNERAL.

We had leisure next morning to sit by our window and gaze down in one of these patios, where a few of the servants were at work wash-

ing and scrubbing. One man was polishing the harness, another cleaning the carriage, a girl sat sewing by a group of flower-pots while another combed her hair. Combing the hair, by the way, seems to be a favourite pastime with the Madrilenos. There is no privacy whatever about the matter. One sees the maidens of Madrid combing their luxuriant locks anywhere and everywhere. It is no uncommon sight in the parks; even at a *soiree* we have seen them, and Sunday especially seems to be the great hair-combing *festa.*

Having wearied, however, of the improvisatorios of these born poets, we started out for a saunter before the hour of the siesta. The Spaniard's life is a series of little starts and rests. He starts in the morning with a great show of bustle and activity, then slows down into the noon-tide siesta. After this he makes another smart little start. As we walked the streets of Madrid



DIFFICULT FOR FOREIGNERS.

One of the most interesting features of our patio scene was the varied songs of the workers. These songs were the compositions of the singers themselves, improvised as they sang. For everyone in Madrid is a poet. They started in a high-pitched voice, coming gradually down with twirls and trills, then starting over again at the same high pitch. The effect was interesting if not musical. By listening long enough you usually got a detailed account of some wonderful event in the life history of the singer. It was rather more of a soliloquy than a song, and many Spanish workmen will sing on thus through a whole day's labour.

that morning they were full of life. Gaily dressed ladies (for the Spanish ladies are noted for their stylish dress) passed us everywhere; the flutter of their fans, their magnificent hair and dreamy eyes, their dainty velos coquettishly fastened with a flower—altogether made life-pictures that were fair to look upon.

Occasionally a brown-faced gypsy from Granada mingled with the crowd, flaunting her strange garb of violet and wine-colour, or canary and scarlet, or all of these and more combined, for the intensely bright light of Spanish skies makes it possible to wear with bewitching effect colours that else-

where would be wildly incongruous. Even the mules have brilliant nets over their heads with flaring tassels.

The street altogether is a strange medley of colour; here a mule is laden with flowers for the market; there another bears panniers of the pressed snows of the Sierra. A group of upper class Spaniards stand picking their teeth and talking politics after the manner of their country. An old woman calls out the sale of the daily papers. A garlic vender jostles against her, his wares suspended on a long string about his neck. Beggars lame, beggars palsied, beggars blind, beggars of every description thrust forth the hand of appeal. Possibly familiarity with the monks has given beggary a place among the fine arts. One wretched specimen had cultivated a nervous method of balancing himself between a crutch and the wall, where he swayed spasmodically by the hour. He was the envy of all his kind.

A little farther on we halted suddenly. What could this mean? A portly, vinous-complexioned priest was coming down the street. Following was a boy bearing a small coffin on his head. Then came the candle-bearers, and in their midst four girls bore a light bier like a basket-cradle. In it slept the beautiful face of a dead child, the bearers jolting the basket carelessly as they walked. So this was a funeral in Spain. A goat-herd with his flock shut the picture out of sight. A huge load of pottery went jolting by; the bells on the donkeys and the draught-oxen jingled in our ears.

Then we stopped before an altar to the Virgin to look at the locks of hair tied with gay ribbons to the altar. That is the offering of some distressed Spanish mother, you learn, whose sick child has been

FLOWERS FOR THE MARKET.

given back from the brink of the grave. We looked a little sadly for a few moments on this token of some faithful heart, then we made our way down to the Manzanares, where we had indulged in our reveries the previous night. But lo! the scene was far removed from dreamland now. A long row of laundresses lined the bank; a single board served them all, and a little embankment of sand in front dammed up the shallow waters into a great wash-tub. In summer the water is so low that the river is divided into many little streams and the wash-tub scene is repeated on the banks of each, while the great expanse of sand, in the centre of what ought to be the river-bed, serves as a drying ground for the wash of all Madrid. The laundresses sang their troubles and joys to the same tune, or tunelessness, (one hardly knew which to call it), that we had heard in the patios, while on the banks their children were playing bull-fight or engaging in religious processions.

That afternoon one of the notable bull-fights was to take place. This accounted for the especially festive

air of the city. Says a graphic writer, "Here we touch the very soul of Spain. Take away the bull-rings, make an end of the toreros and Spain is no longer Spain." Certain it is, these toreros (or bull-fighters) hold a prominent place in Spain. Their opinions are listened to with the greatest respect; they are the favourites in society; they are appealed to in every public crisis. Is there a fire, a flood, a railway accident? A bull-fight is held forthwith, and the toreros devote the proceeds to the sufferers. Their earnings sometimes amount to £4,000 or £5,000 in a single year, and they are noted for their public philanthropies as well as private charities. Nor are these men from the dregs of society. Though at one time the sport degenerated, it is now considered quite the thing for a man of birth and education to take his place in the ring. The sport is a legacy of the exiled Moors. The torero risks his life at every point, and it is his coolness and dexterity in giving the *coup de grace* that excites the frenzied admiration of the populace. They are religious men in their way; before entering the arena, the last thing they do is to receive absolution in the little chapel in the bull-ring, while the devoted wife at home is burning candles to the Virgin.

PRIEST AND PURVEYOR.

We were to leave for Toledo on the morrow, so we took a last saunter through the streets of Madrid that evening. It would be hard to say how large a proportion of a Madrileno's life is spent in the theatre. Certain it is that he can disport himself there in the best seats for eight cents, and he takes the utmost advantage of his opportunities. Consequently the streets

TRANSPORTATION OF POTTERY, SPAIN.

and parks were almost deserted at that hour, but here and there were little groups; in some places the unending process of hair-combing was in evidence, while in others was dancing, or listening to the songs of the guitarist. We quote one of these plaintive, open-air melodies:

Era tan dichoso antes
De encontrarte en micanimo
Y, sin embargo, no siento
El haberte conocido.

I was so happy before
I had met you on my way!
And yet there is no regret
That I have learned to know you.

On the morrow we were moving on through the brown and parched campagna toward Toledo. Pastoral life has not the most promising outlook in Spain. Some one has said there is no country life there. Certainly the aristocracy of the cities have little inclination to sojourn at their country seats. The need of irrigation is everywhere manifest. Crops are raised once in three years, where with the help of water they could be raised three times in one year. But, when foreign capital tried to introduce irrigation, the people in some districts only said: "What do we want with water except what comes from heaven? If the Virgin thinks we need water she sends it."

A few days later we were crossing the great bridge of Toledo. Toledo—the rock town—the lost city—it rose before us, a mass of brown and crumbling towers and walls set upon brown rocks and amid brown hills. One could almost believe it a sort of fungus growth of the bare ridge on which it stands. Many of the houses had huge pieces of granite worked in their fronts. The city seemed a labyrinth of narrow streets and wynds. Incredible as it seems, so narrow are these streets in some instances that the stone fronts of the houses have been scalloped out in

A PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR

places to make room for the donkeys to pass laden with their bulging panniers. Of the hundred and ten churches the city once boasted, many now are but groups of broken arches. The fowls are nesting in the halls of proud patrician residences. The two hundred thousand inhabitants have dwindled down to twenty thousand. Still Toledo has its grandeur, its magnificent cathedrals, its solitary towers, its majesty in decay. But nowhere else in Spain, perhaps, is the ruin wrought by the expulsion of the Moors more manifest.

Ever since the fall of Granada the Moors had been cruelly oppressed by their Spanish conquerers, but in spite of this oppression they had thriven and grown wealthy. They were the most industrious and most skilled of the population, for the Spaniards, disliking trades and manufactures, had left them in the hands of the Moriscoes. But their religion was ever a stumbling-block to their rulers. Under Philip II. they were forbidden to sing a national air or play on a Moorish instrument. They were compelled to attend mass and baptize their children. Still they clung in secret to the rites and customs of their people until the blind and bigoted Philip III. issued an edict banishing a half million of his best subjects from the land of their birth. The industrial life of Spain has never recovered from the blow.

Nor was it her commerce alone that felt the crippling effects of this policy, for the Saracens had given an indelible stamp to her civilization. Nowhere had Saracenic architecture and learning and military pomp and pride and power attained such development as in the Iberian peninsula. The Saracen emirs dwelt in palaces of Oriental splendour, and were clothed with silks and finest fabrics when the sovereigns of Europe dwelt in rude and comfortless castles, and were clothed in leathern jerkins and coats of mail. They established great libraries, hospitals, and mosques, and cultivated a high degree of learning when most of Europe was shrouded in barbarism. By banishing the Moors and founding the Inquisition, Spain signed her own

death warrant, and is to-day, as Lord Salisbury said, one of the dying nations of Europe.

For the Inquisition is not, as is too often thought, the offspring of the Church in Rome, but of the Church in Spain. Her proceedings were often at variance with the Vatican, and wherever the flag of Spain has gone it has been the death warrant of intelligence and freedom of conscience among the people. During the winter we spent in Toledo we had ample time for studying this more serious side of Spanish life. Monks, cathedrals, and convents were everywhere in evidence. In every corner and niche was an image of the Virgin to call forth an ave from the passer-by. Feast days, sacred processions, and passion plays held a prominent place in the lives of these people.

We were amazed one day at finding an image of San Antonio in a well at the inn where we were staying. Later we learned that one of the maids having besought this saint vainly for some time to send her a lover, finally took this method of bringing him to his senses. The lover came one day, and next morning San Antonio was restored to his place on the altar.

It was cheering, however, as we travelled in other parts of Spain to note how the beautiful Spanish women are being emancipated from the bonds of ignorance and superstition. College halls are opening now to the daughters of a land where once it was deemed unwise to let women learn to read.

SPANISH DOCK-RATS DIVING FOR COPPERS

So, as we journeyed on through the olive plantations, the vineyards, and the myrtle groves, we consoled ourselves with the thought that with the coming of light into the homes a more progressive age would dawn for this land of sunny hills and azure skies.

"Be like the bird who, pausing in her flight
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her, and yet sings,
Knowing she hath wings."

—*Victor Hugo.*

THE ROMANCE OF THE RED RIVER SETTLEMENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

H.R.H. PRINCE RUPERT,
First Governor.

H.R.H. PRINCE JAMES,
Second Governor.

LORD CHURCHILL, *afterwards*
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,
Third Governor.

LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT
ROYAL,
Present Governor

FOUR GREAT GOVERNORS.

IN the year 1670, at the solicitation of Prince Rupert and of the Duke of Albemarle, King Charles II. created by royal charter the "Company of Merchant Adventurers trading to Hudson's Bay." With characteristic lavishness, the King granted to it the sole trade and commerce of the region reached through Hudson's Straits.* Forty years before this, Louis XIII. had made a similar grant to the "Company of New France," and for nearly a hundred years there was a keen and eager rivalry between these companies. In order to control the lucrative fur trade, the Hudson's Bay Company planted forts and fac-

* From the Prince Rupert it received the name of Rupert's Land.

FORT WILLIAM, LAKE SUPERIOR.

tories at the mouths of the Moose, Albany, Nelson, Churchill, and other rivers flowing into Hudson's Bay. Again and again, adventurous bands of Frenchmen, like D'Iberville and his companions, attacked these posts, murdering their occupants, burning the stockades, and carrying off the rich stores of peltries.

Growing bolder with success, the French penetrated the interior as far as the headwaters of the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Saskatchewan, and reached the Rocky Mountains long before any other white man had visited these regions. They planted trading-posts and small forts at important river-junctions and on far-off lonely lakes, and left their footprints all over the continent in the names of cape and mountain, lake and stream. The *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois,* to whom this wild life was full of fascination, roamed through the forests and navigated in their bark canoes the countless streams; and Montreal and Quebec snatched much of their trade from the English company.

After the conquest of Canada by the British, numerous independent fur-traders engaged in this traffic. In 1783, these united in the "North-West Company." For forty years this was one of the strongest combinations in Canada. Its agents explored the vast north-west regions. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, in 1789, traced the great river which bears his name, and first reached the north Pacific across the Rocky Mountains. In 1808, Simon Frazer descended the gold-bearing stream which perpetuates his memory; and, shortly after, Thompson explored and named another branch of the same great river.

Keen was the rivalry with the older Hudson's Bay Company, and bitter was the feud between the two great corporations, each of which coveted a broad continent as a hunting-ground and preserve for game. The headquarters of the North-West Company were at Fort William, on Lake Superior. Its clerks were mostly young Scotsmen, of good families, whose thrift and fidelity

REMAINS OF OLD FORT GARRY.

were encouraged by a share in the profits of the fur-trade. The partners of the company travelled in feudal state, attended by a retinue of boatmen and servants, "obedient as Highland clansmen." The grand councils and banquets at Fort William were occasions of lavish pomp and luxury. Sometimes as many as twelve hundred retainers, factors, clerks, voyageurs, and trappers were assembled and held for a time high festival, with a strange blending of civilized and savage life.

In the early years of last century, the feud between the rival companies was at its height. At this time Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, was the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company and owner of a large proportion of the stock. He perceived that by obtaining control of the Red River and erecting a fort at its junction with the Assiniboine, he would have a strong base for future operations, and would possess great advantage over his rival. For this purpose he resolved to establish a colony of his countrymen at that important position, the key of the mid-continent. He built Fort Douglas, near the present city of Winnipeg. The offer of free grants of land induced a large number of hardy Highlanders to seek their fortunes in the far west.

In the year 1812 the first brigade of colonists reached Red River, by way of Hudson's Bay, having spent an entire winter on the borders of that icy sea. Hardly had they arrived at the proposed settlement when an armed band of Nor'-Westers, the rival fur-traders, plumed and painted in the Indian style, compelled the colonists to depart and to take refuge at the Hudson's Bay post within the United States territory. Even the guns that their fathers had borne at Culloden were taken from them, and the wedding-rings of the women were torn from their fingers.

Undaunted by this failure, they returned in the spring of 1813, built log-houses, and sowed their wheat. They were undisturbed till the following year. By this time the de-

LOWER FORT GARRY.

OLD FORT GARRY.

cree had gone forth from the councils of the North-West Company,—"Delenda est Carthago"—"the colony must be destroyed." It was done, but not without shedding of blood. The settlement became a heap of ashes, its inhabitants exiles in the wilderness.

Reinforced by the new brigade from Scotland, and by a hundred veteran Canadians, the banished settlers returned to their ruined homes. Many hardships ensued. The hapless colonists lived on fish, roots, berries, nettles, and wild parsnips. Many of them were forced to abandon the settlement,—toiling through the wilderness back to Canada.

In the year 1816 there fell upon the little colony a crushing blow. It was attacked by a numerous body of Nor'-Westers, armed to the teeth and begrimed with war-paint. By a volley of the enemy twenty-one of the settlers were slain, including Mr. Robert Semple, acting-governor. The town was sacked and burned, and the inhabitants, driven from their homes, found refuge at Norway House in the far north.*

Lord Selkirk was at New York on his way to Rupert's Land when he heard of this attack. He immediately assumed the offensive. The blood of the Douglases was stirred in his veins. He had with him about a hundred Swiss, German, and French soldiers, and a few Glengarry men. With these he hastened by way of Penetanguishene and the north shore of Lakes Huron and Superior to Fort William, dragging with him two small cannon through the wilderness. Here sworn information was laid before him as a Justice of the Peace by some of the sufferers from the recent outrages, charging certain occupants of the fort with the crime of "larceny, riot, and murder." There were in the neighbourhood of Fort William about three hundred

* It was afterwards noted that twenty-six out of the attacking party of sixty-five died untimely and violent deaths.

French Canadians and Indians in the employ of the North-West Company. Selkirk demanded the surrender of the guilty parties, and under warrant of his justice's commission, broke open the gates and took possession of the fort. The prisoners were sent to York (Toronto) for trial; but, through incompleteness of evidence, were acquitted, and for some time Selkirk held possession of Fort William.

With a high-spirited philanthropy, Lord Selkirk sought to give homes on the fertile prairies of Red River to his countrymen who had faithfully served their king through a bloody European war, or who were driven from their ancestral holdings of land by heartless landlords, who, preferring sheep-farming to tenant-culture, turned populous estates into a solitude. He again established colonists in the thrice forsaken settlement, furnishing them with agricultural implements, seed-grain and stock. But the summer was already half gone, the harvest was scanty, famine was impending, and the hapless settlers were again compelled, on the approach of winter, to take refuge at the Hudson's Bay post at Pembina. Their hardships were incredible. They were forced to subsist upon the precarious products of the chase. They suffered everything but death, and were reduced to the utmost extremity.

In the spring, the Red River colonists returned for the fifth time to their abandoned habitations. Fortune seemed at last to smile upon their efforts. The crops were ripening around the little settlement and hope beat high in every heart; but an unforeseen catastrophe awaited

FORT GARRY IN 1870

WINNIPEG, FROM THE CITY HALL.

them. Late in an afternoon in the last week in July, a cloud of grasshoppers,—like the Egyptian plague of locusts, more terrible than a destroying army,—darkened the air, covered the ground, and, in a single night, devoured almost every green thing. The land was as a garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness. It was a piteous sight. Strong men bowed themselves. The sturdy Highlanders, who had gazed on death unblanched, burst into tears as they thought of the famine-pangs that menaced their wives and little ones. Another weary march, and a miserable winter at Pembina, was their fate.

Again, in the spring, that forlorn hope returned to their devastated fields. But agriculture was impossible. The grasshoppers of the previous season had left a terrible legacy behind them. Their larvae multiplied a thousand-fold. They filled the air, covered the ground, extinguished the fires kindled in the fields as a barrier against them, polluted the water, were strewn along the river banks like seaweed on the ocean shore, and the stench of their dead bodies infected the atmosphere. Pembina must succour the hapless colonists yet another winter.

The story of such uniform disaster becomes wearisome. Any one less determined, less dogged, it might perhaps be said, than Lord Selkirk, would have abandoned the colony. Not so he. His resolution rose with the difficulties of the occasion, and surmounted every obstacle. That little company,—the advance-guard of the great army of civilization destined yet to fill that land so bravely won,—returned to the scene of their blasted hopes. At the cost of five thousand dollars, Lord Selkirk brought two hundred and fifty

bushels of seed-wheat from Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi, a distance of twelve hundred miles. It was sown, and, by divine blessing, after eight years of failure, the harvest was happily reaped. Amid such hardships and privations was the Red River settlement planted.

The colony now struck its roots deep into the soil. It grew and flourished year by year. Recruits came from Scotland, from Germany, from Switzerland. They suffered many privations, and encountered some disasters, but none worse than that of the winter of 1825-26. It was a season of extreme severity. Thirty-three persons perished of hunger and cold, and many cattle died. With the spring thaw, the river rose nine feet in a single day. In three days every house had to be abandoned. The inhabitants fled to the highest ground adjacent. They beheld their houses, barns, crops, fences, everything they possessed,—swept by on the rushing torrent to Lake Winnipeg. The waters continued to rise for nineteen days. The disheartened colonists proposed abandoning for ever the luckless settlement. At this crisis tidings of the abatement of the flood was brought. The weary watchers rushed to the water's side. It was even so. They accepted the deliverance as from God. They resolved to remain where they were. A new beginning had to be made. The unfortunate settlement was well-nigh destroyed.

In a somewhat visionary attempt to manufacture cloth from buffaloes' wool, the magnates of the fur-trade, at great cost, introduced machinery and workmen from England. This failing, fifteen thousand sheep were purchased in Kentucky, two thousand miles distant. Only two hundred and fifty survived the journey, and these soon died of exhaustion. Flax-culture and tallow exportation were also tried without success. In these ill-advised schemes Lord Selkirk sank half a million dollars. The population of the settlement, however, continued gradually to increase, a considerable proportion of it being composed of the half-breed progeny of the early French or English speaking employees of the trading companies and the aboriginal race.

Exhausted by forty years of conflict, in 1821 the Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies ceased their warfare and combined their forces, and were confirmed by the Imperial Parliament in the monopoly of trade throughout the wide region stretching from Labrador to the Pacific Ocean. In order to maintain control of the Red River settlement, in 1836 they paid the sum of £84,000 sterling for the land granted to Lord Selkirk twenty-four years before, except that which had been deeded to settlers. Sir George Simpson became the governor of the territory and continued to administer its affairs for forty years. The Council of Assiniboia was organized, ruling for fifty miles around Fort Garry. The rest of the territory was under the supreme control of the Company. Its government, while jealous of rival influence, was patriarchal in character, and through the exclusion, for the most part, of intoxicating liquors, greatly promoted the welfare of the Indians and repressed disorder throughout its wide domain. The policy of the Company was adverse to the settlement of the country, and its agents endeavoured, so far as possible, to retain the fur-trade and sale of goods and supplies in their own hands.

After long waiting, Canada's hour of destiny had come. The Fathers of Federation, to round out the completeness of the New Dominion, purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company the vast area of which

BOUNDLESS PASTURE FOR COUNTLESS HERDS.

they had been for two hundred years the paramount lords. It has taken long to correct the impression that the Great Lone Land was fit only to be a preserve for fur-bearing animals. But the logic of facts has shown that it is the best wheat-producing area in the wide world. Its long, bright summer days cause that rapid growth and fixation of carbon in the kernels of the grain that make Manitoba No. 1 wheat the best that is produced. The magnificent crops of recent years, the influx of population from the Old World, and the "great trek" from the American republic to its fertile prairies, have advertised as never before the magnificent inheritance of Canada in its vast North-West. At this time it will not be uninteresting to note some of the difficulties and disasters which dogged the footsteps of the early settlers of the prairie province of Manitoba.

The subsequent history of the North-West is writ large in the annals of Canadian enterprise and energy. In the year 1868, the Rev. George Young became the pioneer missionary to the white population of Red River.* With his own hands he assisted in erecting the first Methodist church in what is now the mid-continent city of Winnipeg.

From this has grown in a short period the Manitoba and North-West Conference, with its two hundred and forty-three ministers, its two hundred and fifty-one circuits and stations, and its aggressive missionary agencies.

The two rebellions which impeded the progress of the North-West and stained its virgin soil with blood, are of too recent occurrence to demand further notice. They called forth, however, a display of Canadian valour and fidelity to Queen and

* Many years before, those heroic men, Evans, Rundle, George McDougall, and other pioneer missionaries had carried the Gospel to the Indian tribes of prairie, lake and forest in the far north and north-west.

country that created such a sentiment of Canadian unity as nothing else had done.

This is the day and hour of Canada's golden opportunity. Now is the time for the Churches to thrust in the sickle and reap, for the fields are white unto the harvest. Upon the Methodist Church especially devolves a great obligation. The early white settlers of the Red River were largely of Scottish and Presbyterian descent, and the Presbyterian Church has done nobly in providing for their spiritual needs. The newcomers, especially those from Ontario and from the northern frontier of the American States, are largely of Methodist origin. In some of these States the Methodist population outnumbers that of all the other Churches taken together. As they pour into our country Canadian Methodism must strain every nerve to meet their spiritual needs,—to break unto them, while they are seeking the bread that perisheth, the bread of everlasting life. Our Church is not unheeding the divine call nor disobedient to the heavenly vision, but is straining every nerve to overtake the glorious task to which in the providence of God she is called.

AT EVENTIDE.

BY SYDNEY HOPE.

Morn is too bright with hope and roseate light,
With song of wakened bird, and jewelled grass;
Man to his labour goes with singing heart,
And all the pulse of life beats strong and fast.

At noontide shadows slumber on the wall,
The breeze scarce sways the lily from its dream;
The sun unchallenged holds the cloudless vault,
The May-flies, reeling, flick the glassy stream.

O calm, sweet twilight, with thy plaintive song
Of nestling bird, and insect in the grass,
And west all glorious with the dying day,
Open thy gates of gold and let me pass.

Bloomfield, Ont.

CANADA: ITS DEVELOPMENT AND DESTINY.*

BY THE REV. F. A. WIGHTMAN.

III.—DESTINY.

"Canada's true policy is to knit more closely, as she is doing, the strongest ties, commercial, social, and political, which unite us to the Motherland."

"In the greyness of the dawning we have seen the pilot star,
In the whisper of the morning we have heard the years afar.
Shall we sleep and let them be, when they call to you and me,
Can we break the land asunder God has girdled with the sea?
For the fog is floating o'er us, and the track is clear before us,
From the prairies to the ocean, let us lift the mighty chorus
For the days that are to be."

HAVING viewed Canada from many standpoints with respect to her future possibilities, it is only fitting that we should close by speaking of her possible destiny. What are the tendencies of the present and what do the years hold for us, not in material prospects alone, but with respect to her status as a nation, and our future as a people? The ultimate destinies of all nations are of course matters of uncertainty, and perhaps there is a sense in which the destiny of a nation is especially associated with the greatest uncertainty when that nation is passing through its formative period. In the minds of some there is much uncertainty regarding the destiny which awaits our own country in her relation to other nations in the twentieth century. Evidently the present conditions cannot be indefinitely maintained. Influences are certainly operating which denote the coming of a change in our national status. What are these changes to be, and what do we gather from the signs of the times? These questions will now briefly engage us.

There are at least three possible destinies awaiting Canada, and so far as can be observed, only three, some one of which lies in the immediate pathway of our not-distant future. These are—annexation with the United States, Canadian independence, or imperial federation. Which of these shall it be? This is a question now definitely before the Canadian people. Let us discuss them each, briefly, in order, and if possible arrive at conclusions dictated by existing circumstances and our highest advantages.

First, then, what of annexation with the United States as one of our possible destinies? What are the probabilities of its realization or its prospective advantages? Has this doctrine of manifest destiny of "union with the continent to which we belong," any real advantages to offer Canadians? It would, of course, give us unrestricted markets with a nation of 75,000,000 people. It is doubtful, however, if there is another single advantage to be named, and it is questionable if this even is a real advantage, for to accept the advantages of this market on these terms would be to shut ourselves out from the markets of all

* From a forthcoming volume, which deals exhaustively with this subject.

the rest of the world, except at the pleasure of the officials at Washington. Moreover, the advantage of this market may possibly in the near future be open to us by treaty without surrendering a vestige of our independence or individuality. So small is the population of Canada as compared with that of the United States that her voice and influence would be null in the national councils and in shaping of the policy of the country. Furthermore, our national resources would then be open to the merciless exploitation of American syndicates, and last, but not least, we would cut ourselves adrift from all our past traditions, and our legitimate heirship to a share in the glories of the empire to which we belong; and these things are cherished by us above all things else. In brief, annexation with the United States would not give us a single advantage that we do not now possess, while it would deprive us of much that we regard beyond price.

PROPOSED NEW RAILWAY THROUGH CANADA.

This, then, as a possible destiny is dismissed as impossible and undesirable. Neither is there any sentiment in the whole broad Dominion favouring such a destiny; its very thought is repugnant to the Canadian people. If this sentiment ever had any real existence on this side of the line it is now buried in the oblivion of the past, and for which there is no resurrection. It is believed that the impossibility of this is now being recognized by the Americans themselves, though they seem loth to relinquish the idea. Since this destiny could only come about through the consent of the Canadian people or through their conquest, its impossibility must be quite evident to all.

"There is room enough and scope enough on this continent for two Anglo-Saxon nations, Canada and the United States—daughters of a common mother, custodians of a common liberty—to work out their separate destinies without being jealous of each other, or coveting each other's patrimony and birthright."

"Oh, we are the men of the Northern zone;
Shall a bit be placed in our mouth?
If ever a Northman lost his throne,
Did the conqueror come from the south?
Nay, nay—and the answer blent
In chorus is southward sent;"

"Since when has a Southerner's conquering steel

Hewn out in the North a throne?
Since when has a Southerner placed his heel
On the men of the Northern zone?"

Having disposed of the question of annexation, what must be said with respect to Canadian independence? It is readily conceded that so far as the testimony of history is concerned, it goes to show that as a rule colonies have, in due time, either forcibly or by mutual consent, severed their connection with the mother country, though the history of these same countries does not always go to show that this was the wisest course to pursue. It simply means that the art of colonization, and the purpose for which colonies are held, were altogether misunderstood in earlier times. They were sought to be held by force and for the purposes of exploitation, and colonists were universally despised. Owing to lack of telegraphic communication, and the impossibility of rapid mobilization, it was only natural that when colonies became sufficiently strong they would attempt to throw off the maternal yoke. These conditions have, so far as Great Britain is concerned, entirely passed away, and the desire to sever the imperial tie is not only absent in Canada, but throughout all parts of the British world. There are very material reasons for this, apart from the strong reason of sentiment. To have the strength and prestige of Britain withdrawn from this, or any other British colony, would leave them at the present time a helpless prey to the greed and lust of other nations. Independence would be practically impossible; foreign credit would greatly depreciate, and the development of the country would for the time come to a stagnation. There may be some in Canada who cherish dreams of Canadian independence, but looking at the question from all sides, the advantages do not appear, and at best, even as a thought, it must be very remote. The prevailing sentiment—indeed, we might say the universal sentiment—throughout Canada may be expressed in the well-known words of the late Sir John A. Macdonald: "A British subject I was born, and a British subject I will die."

This brings us to the consideration of the one possible remaining destiny, and *ad reductio* we are shut up to accept it as Canada's only rational and possible course—imperial federation. The reasons for and against imperial federation are too many to be here reproduced, neither is it necessary that this should be done. It is evident to the most casual observer that forces are every day at work which are bringing this desired end nearer. Doubtless the federation of the British Empire would lay some new burdens and some new responsibilities upon the colonies, which have in the past been as children in the lap of a nursing mother. But the assumption of these responsibilities and burdens is not only essential for our honour, but it is essential for our good; no nation that is continually coddled can ever rise to the highest manhood. These obligations of empire simply must be assumed.

"Secure in thy security
Though children, not unwise are we;
And filled with unplumed love for thee—
Call thou but once, if thou wouldst see
When the grey bergs
Come down from Labrador, and when
The long Pacific rollers break
Against the pines, for thy word's sake
Each listeneth,—alone awake,
And with thy strength made strong to dare."

The spectacle of a world-wide empire, sympathetic and cohesive in all its parts, each co-related to the other, not as colonies to a mother land, but as sovereign states in an imperial unity, presents to our thought a grandeur which cannot be described by words, and yet such is the inevitable set of the current of public

opinion throughout the vast extended domains of Britain, and especially in this beloved Canada of ours. Let it be borne in mind, however, that this is a matter not for politicians to fool with, or even statesmen to formally promote; it must grow as the love grows between the mother and her child. The bonds that bind must be sentimental rather than organic; that is to say, organization must ever follow in the track of sentiment, but never precede it. Thus, and thus only, can this great work which must make for the peace of mankind be accomplished, and this accomplishment is the great climateric work of a century upon whose threshold we now stand.

" To the hearth of our people's people—
To her well-ploughed windy sea,
To the hush of our dread high-altars
Where the Abbey made us. We.
To the grist of the slow-ground ages,
To the gain that is yours and mine—
To the Bank of the Open Credit,
To the Power-house of the Line!

" We've drunk to the Queen—God bless her!
We've drunk to our mother's land;
We've drunk to our English brother
(And we hope he'll understand).
We've drunk as much as we're able,
And the Cross swings low to the dawn.
Last toast—and your foot on the table!—
A health to the Native-born!

" A health to the Native-born (Stand up)
We're six white men arow
All bound to sing o' the little things we care about
With the weight of a six-fold blow!
By the might of our cable-tow (Take hands!)
From the Orkneys to the Horn
All round the world (and a little loop to pull it by)
All round the world (with a little strap to buckle it)
A health to the Native-born!"

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

A CORN-FIELD.

" Sing to the Lord; exalt Him high,
Who spreads His clouds along the sky;
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

" He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry."

SOME DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

BY MRS. DE TOUFFE LAUDER.

I.

WHILE our newly-crowned, beloved and beautiful Empress-Queen Alexandra was ruling all hearts as Princess of Wales, there sat three of the loveliest princesses in the world on three great thrones of Europe, Queen Margherita of Italy, the Empress-Queen Elizabeth of Austro-Hungary, and the Empress Eugenie of France. What a group they would have made of the Three Graces.

I first saw the Empress Eugenie and the little Prince Imperial at the historic Fontainebleau. I had previously seen this interesting chateau, and its interior, with the private apartments of the Empress, by special command; and the rooms of Prince Louis, painted with all sorts of animals; and had driven for hours in the noble forest of Fontainebleau, so full of interest, once a part of the royal chase of the Kings of France. This first visit was made in company with a couple of French lady friends, and was bright and gay.

My second visit had a very different object. I had bought at one of the best florists in Paris a bouquet of the lovely blue iris—the original of the fleur-de-lis, the emblem of France, nestling amid the maidenhair fern, attached my card, and had it most carefully packed in a box to keep cool and fresh. Then I betook myself to the train for my little journey, alone and full of a bright anticipation.

Arriving at the chateau, I went to the great fountain which gives it its name, where the first thing I saw was the Prince Imperial feeding the carp for which the fountain is celebrated, attended by a gentleman in waiting.

I stood for awhile until the handsome, princely boy (Prince Louis was the very image of his mother the Empress) came near, when I laid the exquisite flowers down on the brink of the fountain, saying in French, "For her Majesty the Empress." He looked up in my face with a child-like smile, saying: "*Merci beaucoup, Madame;*" picked up the flowers and ran away to the Empress who was walking in the flower-garden with some of her ladies. After awhile the Empress, returning to the chateau with the Prince, carrying my flowers in her hand, stopped, and saluting me with that grace and smile which neither brush nor chisel has succeeded in perfectly portraying, said: "I thank you, Madame Lauder, for these beautiful flowers; I shall keep them as a souvenir," and Prince Louis gave me a spray of magnificent roses; I stamped the two royal faces in my memory—pictures for all time. Afterwards I always had the honour of a royal salutation whenever I met them, once in the park at St. Cloud, on different occasions at the Tuileries, in the Bois, and in the Champs Elysees.

Making a digression here, I may say, the first time I saw his Imperial and Royal Majesty Emperor Francis Joseph I. of Austria and King of Hungary, was in company with the Emperor and Empress of France, when he visited them in 1867, the year of the great Exposition of Paris. Napoleon III. met his Majesty at the Station du Nord, and in the same royal carriage drove

the two emperors, one in the light blue uniform of Austria, with blonde hair, sky-blue eyes, tall, erect and regal, a perfect contrast to the dark Emperor of the French. Opposite them sat the two archdukes, Maximilian and Johann—John—brothers of Francis Joseph I. Little Louis had his own carriage and retinue that day, and I enjoyed a place of honour where I could witness the pageant all undisturbed by the crowd. The royal carriage drove between a double row of troops on each side of the streets from the station to the Elysee Palace, preceded and followed by the cuirassiers in burnished brass helmets, and the Hundred Guards all in white and glittering silver helmets, where the Empress, in snowy white—how superb she was !—received the Austrian Emperor at the top of the flight of steps leading up to the palace ; he gallantly bent the knee and kissed her hand. None dreamed that day of the awful tragedies in their future lives. Napoleon vanquished, broken-hearted and dead, Archduke Maximilian shot in Mexico, and his Empress Carlotta still insane, Archduke John lost at sea—but that is too long a tale to tell here—the fair little Louis slain by Zulus in Africa, the fascinating and regal Empress Elizabeth assassinated, and I was far from imagining the honour that the Emperor of Austria should one day confer upon myself. Then the royal party, in three carriages, drove to St. Cloud to dine. Later the grand military review took place in the Bois, of eighty thousand troops, with cuirassiers and guards in all their splendour, and great generals, Canrobert, MacMahon, Bazaine, and others, mounted on splendid steeds.

But to return. I had received the gracious greeting of the Empress, and now I had a visit to make to no less a celebrity than Rosa Bonheur, who, at this time, and until her death in 1899—she was born in Bordeaux in 1822—had her house and studio at Fontainebleau, and during the siege of Paris, the noble Crown Prince Frederick, afterwards Emperor, gave special command that her property should not be injured.

I had heard numerous anecdotes about the noted artist, how when a little girl of nine, she used to play truant from school and go to the Bois to wander about—a very different place then, just an uncultivated wild-wood — and make sketches in the sand by the highway with a stick, as little Giotto once did with a bit of clay on a stone centuries ago ; how she kept a pet sheep in her home in Paris when they were poor, before the arrival of Madame Fame.

Rosa Bonheur was of small stature and a striking personality. Her countenance was somewhat masculine, with a broad, handsome forehead, and all the lines of her strong face marked great decision and force of character. She had shining soft brown eyes, very small, delicate hands, and she parted her hair on the side, and wore it short. It is well known that she wore a man's attire in visiting the *abattoirs* or slaughter-houses, fields, farm-yards, and markets, and when mingling among shepherds and horse-dealers; but it was impossible to recognize her sex. She feared no drudgery, no disagreeables to master her art; and her father, also an artist, was her teacher.

I found her painting. She gave me a cordial welcome, showed me her pets, her studio and house, and the decorations and medals she had received, and the superb Sevres vase presented to her before a brilliant assembly by Horace Vernet on behalf of the Government when her Cantal Oxen—purchased by England—brought her a medal of the first class. She was the only woman who has been decorated with

the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and the Empress put the ribbon of the decoration round her neck with her own hand. When I related to her my recent visit to Fontainebleau palace, she exclaimed : "O, that is just like Eugenie !"

I had heard amusing anecdotes about her indifference to and her carelessness in dress, and when I saw her, I concluded they were probably, in part at least, true. I was offered wine, which I declined, but partook of fruit. Then she showed me her flowers, and picked and gave me some, thanking me for coming so far to see her. We shook hands and parted, and I turned away both glad and sorry—glad that I had met the greatest woman painter that ever lived, sorry that we should not meet again.

I visited George Sand at Nohant, in Berry, between Chateauroux and La Chatre in middle France. The manor-house, as famous as Abbotsford, is a plain grey house, with steep mansard roofs of the time of Louis XVI. It stands close by the road with a small wood and a walled garden, and behind the house cluster a score of cottages, in the centre a tiny church, and a cemetery hedged around and adjoining the garden wall. Such was the home—and there is now her grave. She died in June, 1876. She was born in Paris in 1804, the year of the coronation of Napoleon the Great and Josephine. There is a statue of her by her son-in-law, M. Clesinger.

George Sand's true name was Amantine - Lucile - Aurore Dupin, and she was called Aurore. In her veins ran the blood of heroes and of kings. She was brought up by her grandmother, Madame Dupin, who was a daughter of that favourite figure in history and romance, Maurice of Saxony, Marshal of France and the hero of Fontenoy, and he was the son of Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, and the beautiful Aurora von Konigsmark. Madame Dupin had spent her youth at the brilliant Court of Versailles. George Sand's father was an officer in the army of France. He was killed young by a fall from his horse. His famous daughter was rather below the medium stature. Her hands and feet were small and exquisitely formed ; her hair was dark and curling, her complexion pale olive ; her dark eyes were mild and tranquil, and she had a soft, muffled voice. But her crowning glory was her beautiful head. Heine compares it to that of the Venus of Milo. Such utter simplicity I never saw before or since in any mortal, and her dress was the simplest imaginable.

One entered the house into a great hall. She received me with the utmost cordiality, showing me her little granddaughters, Aurore and Gabrielle, and introduced their mother. We talked of many people —and things. Of her favourites, Liszt and Chopin, and the Countess d'Agoult—better known by her nom-de-plume, "Daniel Stern"—to whom she dedicated her "Simon." I once saw a fine bust of the Countess in Germany. She spoke of Balzac, whom she knew well ; of her favourite authors, Chateaubriand, Byron, Bulwer, Shakespeare, and J. J. Rousseau. She talked particularly of M. de Lamennais, the humanitarian, formerly a priest, who was introduced to her by Liszt, her acquaintance with whom formed an epoch in her life.

How shall I describe this interview—the spirit of it, its enthusiasm on both sides ? I had come fresh from visiting some of the scenes made famous for ever by the wand of her powerful genius, the Indre, the Creuse, la Vallee Noir —the black valley—I had read her three delightful pastoral tales of simple peasant life—"The Haunted

Pool," "Francois le Champi" and "La Petite Faudette," which have been called by M. Sainte Beuve the "Georgics of France." "Consuelo" had fascinated me by its musical character ; a striking musical feeling pervades this book from the first pages to the last, because she was hearing the best music nearly all the time she wrote it.

Her whole personality seized me with a deep impression of her immense intellectual power, which her *muffled* voice emphasized in an odd way. Liszt called her "the brother of the flowers and the stars." She introduces one to the heart of nature, to the flowers and the birds, to the mountains and the streams —to the simple people whom she loved. You find *her,* you find her life in her writings.

I remember a remark made by Miss Willard the last time she visited Toronto : "Woman has been discovered." George Sand was the first woman who entered the arena for woman boldly and fearlessly, and never drew back, true to her convictions. Mrs. Willard, of Troy, followed, and Oberlin University was the first to throw open her doors to woman. Now we have the commencement of the final results to womanhood, witness many universities all over the world. It was a French woman who replied to Napoleon the Great, when he asked her : "Madame, what does France need to make her great ?" "Good mothers, Sire."

George Sand had a prolific pen. She has written over sixty books, dramatized some of her stories besides, and her autobiography,— "L'Histoire de Ma Vie"—is in eight volumes and reads like a romance. She showed me her library, portraits of Chopin, Liszt and others, some of whom I afterwards met. Then "second breakfast" was served. I drank a cup of chocolate, which they know how to make in France, and we went out into the garden, where we lingered awhile. She picked some flowers for me, walked with me to the gate, and we shook hands with a mutual "adieu !"

My impressions of this visit were singular and have been lasting. As I walked away, I could hear down in the meadows the flow of the Indre, a delicious sweetness and calm hovered over the country, and a rapture overcame me as I thought of the hour just past, and the remarkable woman I had left. I fancied I had seen George Sand for the last time, but it was not so. She visited me in Paris, and we had two more unforgetable interviews, and a visit to the Louvre together. She understood paintings, and knew a good one, and she loved music with a perfect passion.

The famous preacher, the Rev. M. de Pressensé, was pastor of the Oratoire in Paris, and I delighted to hear him. He was a graceful and striking presence in the pulpit, tall, slender, with beautiful white hands, a pale countenance, very expressive eyes, and a fine clear voice. Madame de Pressensé was an indefatigable worker among the poor, and greatly beloved. She was a poetess and made a perfect translation of Longfellow's Psalm of Life into French, which I possess, as also all her poems. I think it was during my first stay in Paris, before I went to Tours, that I came to know them. I heard indirectly from their son two or three years ago. Alas, they are both dead—a great loss to Paris.

During one of my many visits to London I was a guest for several weeks of Sir William and Lady McArthur. They were a noble and exemplary pair. Lady McArthur was the soul of amiability and love, and seemed to enter into the woes of others as if they were her own. She maintained a Bible-woman at her own expense, finding, of course, the requisite Bibles, Testaments, tracts, and hymns, and a weekly

report was brought to her every Monday. Sir William became Lord High Sheriff of London the autumn that I was with them at Brixton Hill, and Lady McArthur and I drove the eight miles into Old London to see his procession, which was very brilliant, and Sir William drove us to witness the Lord Mayor's procession, with all the old-time coaches and ceremonies. We were at the Lord Mayor's banquet in the historic old Guildhall, Lady McArthur and I dressed alike, and we were at the Lord Mayor's table, within the "golden rail." During the previous reception I first met the Rev. William Morley Punshon; he became D.D. later in Canada. At the banquet I had the Earl of Beaconsfield for my *vis-a-vis,* and next him sat Lord Stanley, the late Earl of Derby. Lord Beaconsfield spoke half an hour, to my great delight. All the world knows that his was one of the three mask-faces of Europe, the other two being Napoleon III., and Prince Bismarck, dark and mysterious, that told you nothing. I see them before me now as I write, so different, but with this one striking characteristic. The Earl of Derby spoke three-quarters of an hour. He was rather a handsome man, with a large head and a cold blue-grey eye.

In my cover were five wine-glasses, one a champagne, and the punch glass—each cover was the same. "What would I drink?" "Cold water, please." I drank out of the "Loving Cup" of massive gold, with a richly chased lid, first made and used in Guildhall in Tudor days. Its contents were "mead"—I sincerely hope that that is or was a temperance drink—I was assured so!

Sir William McArthur afterwards became member of the House of Commons for Lambeth, and served during two Parliaments. He was also Lord Mayor of London, but the McArthurs did not reside in the Mansion House, occupying it solely as their official residence; their beautiful home was still at Brixton Hill.

It was arranged that I should be presented with Lady McArthur to her late beloved Majesty, our Empress-Queen Victoria, the following spring at the second of the first two "drawing-rooms"—now called "courts"—to be held in Buckingham Palace, after the death of H.R.H. the Prince Consort. Her late Majesty never held any state-functions in St. James' Palace after the death of H.R.H. Prince Albert. Unfortunately, when the time drew near, to my sore disappointment, I was unable to be there, and my beloved friend was presented without me. But royal presentations have not failed me, both before and subsequent to that period.

We drove all over London, calling on the Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House, and on many persons of distinction, and meeting people of rank and high culture at entertainments and in her own home. But the province of this paper is only to speak of those I met who have distinguished themselves in the fields of art, literature and philanthropy. At my request we visited Florence Nightingale, the devoted, the self-sacrificing for the suffering. The world knows her sweet, lovable, and loving countenance and her noble work.

We were also in Paris together, and saw the great world's Exposition by moonlight—and under electric light. How fairy-like the marble statuary was! Dear Sir William and Lady McArthur have ascended to higher realms, and the world is all the poorer for their departure. Blessed be their memory.

The poet Wordsworth had two brothers, both clergymen of the Church of England. We met the elder of them at a watering-place in the north, also his wife, a de-

lightful, highly-bred, silver-haired lady. Mrs. Wordsworth told me that her husband strongly resembled the poet. We had some pleasant strolls by the sea and chats on many topics. Mr. Wordsworth installed himself as my "lieutenant" at four o'clock tea—it is five o'clock now—and that hour he helped to make memorable. He would repeat a snatch of poetry, tell an anecdote, or pass a cup of tea with equal wit and grace.

At a favourite resort on the Borders I came to know Mrs. Hugh Miller, then a widow, and an invalid, only able to go out in her roll-chair. Sometimes we would enjoy a little *tête-à-tête* by the sea, sometimes in her rooms, if it were raining, and she would say in a peculiarly pleasant voice: "O Mrs. Lauder, I'm so glad to see you! Come awa' ben." She was editing the great geologist's unfinished book. I read the work later with a double pleasure from having known its editor. The world knew her well as a talented woman and a strong writer.

I met a sister of John Bright in Wales at the favourite bathing-place of Aberystwith, and we had a couple of weeks together with daily interviews. Miss Bright's companion, Miss Druid, told me that her great efforts for the poor had almost wrecked her health.

TO-DAY.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"Now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi. 2.

What have they told you? It is not true
That the Lord will have nothing to say to you;
He is calling you now,—hear His "Come unto Me,"—
In a voice that is tender as tender can be.

He mourns o'er your load of transgression and grief,
And longs with great longing to give you relief;
O hark to His pleading, and answer the call,
And down at His feet let the sad burden fall!

By breaking the laws He bade you keep,
And straying from Him, like a wandering sheep,
You have wounded, indeed, His loving heart,
And you do not deserve in His heaven a part:

But He battled with death, and prevailed in the strife,
That you might be with Him through endless life:
Do you think He would seek you at such a cost,
And leave you at last, in the dark to be lost?

Could He go through the grave your pardon to win,
And then keep it from you—whatever your sin?
Nay: deeply they wrong Him who dare so to say!—
It is yours for the taking—take, take it to-day

Toronto.

A GREAT PURITAN.*

RICHARD BAXTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

OUR recent studies of the life of John Wesley recall the fact that three of his ancestors were clergymen of the Established Church, who, refusing to obey the Act of Uniformity, were driven from their homes and pulpits. By the Five Mile Act they were prohibited from approaching their former parishes or any borough town. Driven from place to place, fugitives and outcasts for conscience' sake, they preached wherever they could, enduring persecutions similar to those with which the early Methodists were afterwards so familiar. Four times was the father of Samuel Wesley thrown into prison—once for six, and again for three months; and at length he sank into the grave at the early age of thirty-four. His aged father, heart-broken by his griefs and sorrows, soon followed him to heaven.

Of the two thousand nonconforming clergy who in the year 1662 abandoned their livings rather than perjure their consciences, none was more conspicuous for learning and piety, for zeal and suffering, than Richard Baxter. Indeed, no nobler nature sprang from that stormy age which produced a Cromwell and a Hampden, a Marvell and a Milton. But never was more heroic soul enshrined in a frailer tabernacle, or assailed by ruder gusts of fortune. His life was one long martyrdom of disease and agonies of pain. His physical infirmities were aggravated by unremitting toil and study, and by cruel persecution and imprisonment. But the tree that wrestles with the storm upon the wind-swept height acquires a firmer fibre and a sturdier growth than that which nestles in the sheltered vale. So the stern Puritan nature, buffeting with the blasts of adversity, developed a strength of moral fibre, an unfaltering will and a dauntless daring that a blander atmosphere might have enervated or destroyed. The study of that heroic life cannot fail to quicken nobler impulses and inspire a lofty purpose even in an age of luxury and self-indulgence.

On the 12th of November, 1615, was born, in the pleasant village of Rowton, Shropshire, the child who was to influence so largely the religious destiny of his own and of future times. His father was a substantial yeoman, who cherished the fear of God in a period of general spiritual declension. King James' "Book of Sports" seemed almost to enforce the desecration of the Sabbath; and Baxter complained that in his youth the family "could not on the Lord's Day read a chapter, or pray, or sing a psalm, or catechise and instruct a servant, but with the noise of pipe and tabour, and the shoutings in the street, continually in our ears. Sometimes the morris-dancers would come into the church in all their linen, and scarfs, and antique dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs; and as soon as common-prayer was read, did haste out presently to their play again."

* The life of Richard Baxter, their "companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ," will be a fitting bicentenary study of the brave brotherhood of Christian confessors who illustrated the history of their native land.

His early instructors in secular knowledge were a stage-player and an attorney's clerk, who had successively assumed the functions of curate of the parish. But the religious teachings of his godly sire, and the study of the family Bible, which was all his library, save some pedlars' ballads and tracts, and a few borrowed books, were the most important elements in the formation of his character. From his sixteenth to his nineteenth year he attended the Wroxeter grammar-school, where he acquired a fluent though uncritical use of Latin, and a partial knowledge of Greek. Few glimpses of his boyhood occur, although he tells us that he was addicted to orchard-robbing and to the inordinate use of fruit, which he believed induced his subsequent physical infirmities. His constitution was further undermined by an attack of smallpox, which left behind symptoms of acute phthisis.

Shortly after attaining his twentieth year Baxter was induced to try his fortune at court. Thither he accordingly repaired, fortified with a letter to the Master of the Revels. The frivolous amusements and fashionable follies of Whitehall, however, proved distasteful to his naturally serious disposition, and within a month he returned to his quiet and studious life at Rowton. "I had quickly enough of the court," he says, "when I saw a stage-play instead of a sermon on the Lord's day in the afternoon, and saw what course was there in fashion." From the seriousness of his deportment he early acquired the name of Precisian and Puritan; but though at first nettled by the sneer, he soon learned to regard as an honour an epithet which was daily heaped by the worst upon the best of men.

But mere sobriety of life could not satisfy the demands of an awakened conscience. A severe illness soon brought him to the borders of the grave. Deep convictions took hold upon his mind. His soul was shaken with fearful questionings. Dark forms of unbelief assailed him,—doubts of the future life, of the credibility of the Scriptures, even of the existence of God. The very foundations of faith seemed to be destroyed. But he bravely wrestled with his doubts. He boldly confronted his spiritual difficulties; and he came off victorious, but not without receiving in the conflict mental scars, which he bore to his dying day. His convictions were inwrought into the fibre of his being. His faith thenceforth was founded upon a rock.

At the age of twenty-three he was ordained and became the curate to a clergyman at Bridgenorth. Two years after, he was appointed to the cure of souls at Kidderminster, a place which he was to make illustrious by his labours, and entered with enthusiasm upon his parochial duties. His earnest ministrations and sedulous pastoral care disturbed the spiritual apathy of the town, and soon wrought a wonderful improvement in the manners of the people. Nor was he less mindful of the ills of the body than of the maladies of the soul. For years he practised among them the healing art, till, finding the tax upon his time too great, he secured the residence of a professional physician.

The times were full of portents. The political atmosphere was surcharged with elements which must ere long produce an explosion. In the oppressive lull, like that before a storm, could be heard the far-off mutterings of the thunder about to burst over the astonished nation. Society was to be plunged almost into chaos by the violence of the shock. The Puritans, from being a religious sect, were gradually becoming a political power. Oppression and persecution only confirmed them in their principles. They were gradually attracting to themselves the noblest spirits of the realm—

those who loved God and loved liberty.

Baxter's religious sympathies were almost entirely with the Puritans, but he was loyal to his sovereign. The storm burst in his immediate neighbourhood. The iconoclastic zeal of the Roundhead soldiery attacked some lingering relics of Popery in Kidderminster church; a riot with the townspeople ensued. Baxter, as a man of peace, retired to Coventry as a city of refuge till the return of quiet times. "We kept to our own principles," he says, "we were unfeignedly for King and Parliament."

Invited by Cromwell to become chaplain of the troops at Cambridge, he declined; but afterward visiting the Parliamentary army, he found, as he conceived, much theological error in its ranks, and accepted the chaplaincy of Whalley's regiment, as affording an opportunity of converting the Anabaptists and Levellers to the orthodox faith.* A skilled polemic, he challenged his adversaries to a public discussion. The theological tournament took place at Amersham church, in Buckinghamshire. "I took the reading-pew," says Baxter, "and Pitchford's cornet and troopers took the gallery; and I alone disputed against them from morning until almost night." He sought a nobler antagonist in the person of the General himself; but Cromwell, he complains with some bitterness, "would not dispute with me at all." He witnessed also other and direr conflicts than these; and after many a bloody skirmish, ministered to the bodily and spiritual necessities of the wounded and the dying. He was also present at the sieges of Bridgewater, Exeter, Bristol, and Worcester, ever striving to mitigate the horrors of war, and to promote the spirit of peace and good will.

Compelled by ill-health to leave the army, he returned to his beloved flock at Kidderminster, and gave to the world the undying legacy of his "Saint's Rest" and "Call to the Unconverted," written, he tells us, "in the midst of continual languishing and medicine . . . by a man with one foot in the grave, between the living and the dead." The one seems like a blissful anticipation of that heaven in whose very precincts he walked; the other is almost like a call from the other world, so frail was the tenure of his life when it was uttered, but echoing through the ages in many a strange land and foreign tongue.* It has aroused multitudes from their fatal slumber, and led them to their everlasting rest.

Baxter was no sycophant of the great. He fearlessly declared, even before Cromwell, his abhorrence of the execution of the King, and of the usurpation of the Protector. Invited to preach at court, he boldly declaimed in the presence of the Great Captain against the sin of maintaining schism for his own political ends. With a candour no less than his own, and in honourable testimony to his worth, and to the value placed upon his esteem, Cromwell sought to convince Baxter of the integrity of his purpose and justice of his acts. But the Puritan Royalist was faithful to the memory of his slain king. He left the court, where advancement awaited him, and consecrated his wealth of learning and eloquence to the humble

* Edwards, a writer of the period, in his "Gangraena," or Collection of Errors, enumerates sixteen prevailing varieties of heresy, and quotes one hundred and seventy-six erroneous passages from current theological literature.

* During Baxter's life as many as twenty thousand copies of the "Call to the Unconverted" were sold in a year—a vast number for that period. It was translated by Eliot into the Indian dialect, for the use of the American savages. It has since been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and multiplied almost beyond computation.

poor of Kidderminster, rejoicing in their simple joys, sympathizing with their homely sorrows, warning every man and teaching every man as in the sight of God.

Baxter sympathized strongly with the exiled sovereign, and preached the thanksgiving sermon at St. Paul's on Monk's declaration for the king. On the Restoration he accepted a royal chaplaincy, and in conscientious discharge of the duties of his office he preached a two-hours sermon of solemn admonition, ungraced by courtly phrase or compliment, before the yawning monarch. He was jealous of the interests of religion, and in a personal interview with Charles, to use the words of Neal, "honest Mr. Baxter told His Majesty that the interest of the late usurpers with the people arose from the encouragement they had given religion; and he hoped the king would not undo, but rather go beyond the good which Cromwell or any other had done."

Invited to present a plan of ecclesiastical reformation, he framed one on the basis of Archbishop Usher's "Reduction of the Episcopacy," but his comprehensive and moderate schemes was rejected. Notwithstanding the specious promises of the royal declaration, the perfidy of the king and court was such that Baxter refused the offer of the mitre of Hereford as an insidious bribe. He sought instead permission to return to his humble flock at Kidderminster. He asked no salary, if only he might labour among them in the gospel; but his request was refused.

Baxter was a prominent member of the celebrated Savoy Conference, in which for fourteen weeks twenty-one Anglican and twenty-one Presbyterian divines—twelve of the former being of episcopal or archiepiscopal dignity—attempted a reconciliation between the contending ecclesiastical factions. But this project was defeated by the bigoted opposition of the bishops. "Their lordships were in the saddle," says the contemporary chronicler, "so they guided the controversy their own gate." From the same authority we learn that "the most active disputant was Mr. Baxter, who had a very metaphysical head and fertile invention, and was one of the most ready men of his time for an argument; but," he adds, "too eager and tenacious of his own opinions." He gave special offence by drawing up a "Reformed Liturgy," in the language of Scripture, which he proposed as an alternative to the venerable form consecrated by the use of a hundred years.

The prelatical party were eager to return to the livings from which they had been so long excluded. Even clergy who had been sequestered for public scandal, reinstated in their forfeited privileges, threw off all the restraints of their order. Every week, says Baxter, some were taken up drunk in the streets, and one was reported drunk in the pulpit. A flood of profligacy swept over all the barriers of virtue and morality. The king sauntered from the chambers of his mistresses to the church even upon sacrament days. The court became the scene of vile intrigue. Dissolute actresses flaunted the example of vice, and made a mock of virtue in lewd plays upon the stage. The "Book of Sports" was revived, and Sabbath desecration enjoined by authority of Parliament. To be of sober life and serious mien was to be accounted a schismatic, a fanatic, and a rebel. Engrossed in persecuting schism, the National Church had no time to restrain vice.

The excesses of a faction of Fifth Monarchy men, who in the name of King Jesus raised a riot in the city, gave an occasion of persecuting the Puritan and Presbyterian party. In the very year of the Restoration, and almost coincident with His

Sacred Majesty's Declaration of liberty of conscience, the dungeons of London were glutted with prisoners for conscience' sake. Among these were five hundred Quakers, besides four thousand in the country gaols. For "devilishly and perniciously abstaining from church," attending conventicles, and like heinous crimes, John Bunyan languished in prison for twelve years, and bequeathed to the world its noblest uninspired volume.

The Act of Uniformity went into effect on August 24th, 1662, the anniversary of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew—an omen of sinister significance, inasmuch as both crimes were animated by the same spirit of religious intolerance. Two thousand "worthy, learned, pious, and orthodox divines," as Locke has styled them, were forcibly banished from their roof-trees and hearth-stones, and driven forth homeless and shelterless, for no offence save worshipping God according to the dictates of their conscience. While the courtly revellers of Whitehall were celebrating the nuptials of King Charles and the fair Catharine of Portugal, from the cathedral close and prebendal stall, from rectory and vicarage, the ejected clergy went forth, like Abraham, not knowing whither they went.

This cruel act, says Bishop Burnet, raised a grievous cry over the nation. Many must have perished but for the private collections for their subsistence. "They cast themselves," continues the bishop, "on the providence of God and the charity of friends." "Many hundreds of them," says Baxter, "with their wives and children, had neither house nor bread." Many of the ministers, prevented by conscientious convictions from laying down their ministry after they had been ordained to it, preached to such as would hear them, in fields and private houses, until they were apprehended and cast into gaol, where many of them perished. "Some lived on little more than brown bread and water," says the Conformist Plea. "One went to plough six days and preached on the Lord's day. Another was forced to cut tobacco for a livelihood."

The expulsion of these "learned and pious divines" was in wanton disregard to the spiritual necessities of the nation. Although many illiterate, debauched, and unworthy men were thrust into the sacred office, as the author of the "Five Groans of the Church" complains, yet many parishes long remained under a practical interdict—the children unbaptized, the dead buried without religious rites, marriage disregarded, the churches falling into ruin, and the people relapsing into irreligion and barbarism.

One of the most illustrious of this glorious company of confessors was Richard Baxter. With broken health and wounded spirit he was driven forth from the scenes of his apostolic labours. The sobs and tears of his bereaved congregation at once intensified and soothed the pangs of parting. He espoused poverty, contumely, persecution, and insult. His home thenceforth alternated between a temporary and precarious refuge among friends, and the ignominy and discomfort of a loathsome prison.

But he went not forth alone. Woman's love illumined that dark hour of his life, woman's sympathy shared and alleviated his suffering. It is a romantic story, that of his courtship. He had often declared his purpose of living and dying in celibacy. His single life, he said, had much advantage, because he could more easily take his people for his children, and labour exclusively for them. There was little in his outward appearance to win a youthful maiden's fancy. Nearly fifty years of pain and suffering had furrowed his wan cheek and bowed his meagre form. His features were

rather pinched and starved-looking, and decked with a scanty beard. His nose was thin and prominent, his eyes were sunken and restless. Tufts of long hair escaped from beneath his close Geneva skull-cap. Broad bands and a black gown complete his portrait.

Margaret Charlton was scarce twenty years of age, well-born and beautiful, endowed with gifts of wit and fortune. But love is lord of all; and these two apparently diverse natures were drawn together by an irresistible attraction. The Puritan divine had been the maiden's counsellor, her guide, and friend; and mutual esteem deeped into intense and undying affection. For nineteen years, in bonds and imprisonment, in suffering and sorrow, in penury and persecution, the winsome presence of the loving wife soothed the pain, inspired the hope, and cheered the heart of the heroic husband, whose every toil and trial she nobly shared.

The witlings of Whitehall did not fail to bandy jests—not over-refined—concerning these strange espousals; and some even of Baxter's friends sighed over the weakness of the venerable divine. "The king's marriage was scarce more talked of than mine," he says. But the well-nigh score of happy wedded years he passed are the best justification of this seemingly ill-matched union. There was nothing mercenary in his love, nor was it the mere impulse of passion. He renounced the wealth his wife would have brought, and stipulated for the absolute command of his time, too precious and precarious to be spent in idle dalliance.

MY LADY.

BY HELEN A. WALKER.

I know a lady in this land
Who carries a Chinese fan in her hand,
But in her heart does she carry a thought
Of her Chinese sister who carefully wrought
The dainty, delicate, silken toy,
For her to admire, for her to enjoy?

This lady has on her parlour floor
A lovely rug from a Syrian shore;
Its figures were woven with curious art—
I wish that my lady had in her heart
One thought of love for those foreign homes
Where the light of the Gospel never comes.

To shield my lady from chilling draft
Is a Japanese screen of curious craft.
She takes the comfort its presence gives,
But in her heart not one thought lives—
Not even one little thought—ah me!—
For the comfortless homes that lie over the sea.

My lady in gown of silk is arrayed,
The fabric soft was in India made.
Will she think of the country whence it came,
Will she make an offering in His name
To send the perfect heavenly dress,
The mantle of Christ's own righteousness,
To those who are poor, and sad, and forlorn?
To those who know not that Christ is born?

—*The Missionary Review of the World.*

THE APOSTLES OF THE SOUTH-EAST.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

Author of "With Christ at Sea," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE NIGHT FALLS.

OW long Saul had floated thus he did not, and never will, know. Mercifully, he had but just time to secure himself with a bit of a line, when, easily, as if he were just falling into a gentle sleep, his senses left him. When he returned to consciousness his sufferings were great. The sun was at its meridian, and shining strongly out of a clear sky. There was but a slight air of wind with a gentle swell, upon which his frail support rolled slightly, so that the upper part of his body was dried and encrusted with salt. His eyes smarted, burned as he opened them once again to the light of day, with some difficulty because the lashes were thick with salt. His tongue was like a piece of leather, and his lips cracked and bled when he tried to moisten them. Gradually his mind became clear; all the events of the past few days were recalled up to the time of the sinking of the great steamer. And then he thought of Lizzie, his wife. Thought of her with a great pity in his heart as he pictured her feelings did she but know of his present position.

This supplied the stimulus his body so much needed. It roused in him the natural desire of life already growing weak, and lifting up his voice in the midst of that vast solitude he called upon God to save his life, to send help before it was too late in order that his poor young wife should not be so soon widowed. Or, if that might not be, he prayed that in some way she might be provided for, sheltered from the pitiless world. This beneficial exercise of his privilege of prayer had the most restful, consolatory effect upon him, and he fell fast asleep again.

When he awoke it was at the sound of a human voice, the touch of a hand, and he thanked God. A boat was lying by the side of the hen-coop, manned by five swarthy, piratical-looking fellows whose language he did not understand, although by its sound he thought it was Italian. They lifted him tenderly into the boat, and then for the first time he saw the ship they had come from; a large wooden bark, deep laden, hove to only a few ship's lengths away. They soon reached her side, and hoisted Saul up in the boat as being the simplest way of getting him on board. He was so full of pain that, carefully and delicately as they handled him, he could not help letting a groan escape him as they removed him to the cabin, a somewhat dirty, very stuffy apartment, reeking with the fumes of tobacco and garlic, but to him a sweet haven of rest. In a few minutes the cook appeared, bearing a pannikin of soup, which seemed to Saul the most deliciously invigorating food he had ever tasted.

After another period of sleep and more soup he felt sufficiently revived to undertake the task of trying to relate his adventures, as well as the much more important one of ascertaining his present destination. As no one on board spoke any English, and Saul was no linguist, this was somewhat exhausting work, but at last to his horror he discovered that she was bound from Cardiff to Hong-Kong with coal, and that she had already been out of port a fortnight.

With all the energy he could muster he begged the skipper to land him at the Western Islands, to put him on board a homeward-bound vessel, to whatever port she might be going, but for pity's sake not to carry him away to the other side of the world without his being able to earn anything. To all his impassioned entreaties the captain listened attentively, but evidently without understanding, and evidently with a shrewd suspicion that the poor fellow was out of his mind. The latter felt himself that unless he fell back upon his faith, if he allowed himself to look upon his position purely from the human side, he did run great risk of losing his reason, for he knew full well that as soon as the news of the loss of the "Ferozepore" became known his half-

pay would cease, and if it should happen that his wife fell out of work what would she do?

As it was, the mental disturbance and strain threw him into a brain fever, from which only his vigorous constitution and perfect state of health and cleanliness of life saved him, since the captain of the "Guiseppe B" knew no more what was the matter with his patient than a cow, and in all probability even if he had known what the malady was he would have had not the slightest idea of how to treat it.

So Saul battled with Death. No doubt that in passing through the Valley of the Shadow the Friend of the lonely was with him. But the contest was a terrible one, and when he came out of it, only just alive, the old tub was rolling leisurely down into the south-east trade region to the southward of the line. As soon as his mind became clear, he saw that his long helplessness had in no wise endeared him to his shipmates, for there is no place where one gets less sympathy in a long illness than on board ship. Saul's fight was over, however. He would no longer kick against what he saw to be the inevitable, but calmly go on doing all he could in his sorry position, praying that God would be with his dear one at home. And once having settled down, he mended rapidly.

Saul was always an industrious man, but he worked double tides now to keep his mind off the agony of his position. With his mind busy all the time with possibilities of suffering for his wife at home, and the disheartening spectacle before his eyes of the snail's pace made by the old bark, to say nothing of the aggravating content that appeared to rest upon everybody else but himself—those things made his lot hard to bear indeed. The horrors of the fo'csle were too great for him to endure. So he lived a hermit's life in the long-boat amidship, with only memories to feed upon. No books, no conversation, and no prospect of earning anything for months. Poor Saul!

Here we must leave him to dree his weird, and return to London.

On the second day after Saul's departure his wife was simply astounded to hear her cousin, without any preliminary, say: 'Lizzie, my dear, we've always been very happy together, and I like your society very much, but now you're married, things ain't quite as they used to be, are they? An', to tell you the truth, I've got a little girl coming in to do all I want, and I shall be glad if you'll get another place to lodge as soon as you can. You're a married woman now, and can look after yourself."

Poor Lizzie felt crushed for a moment; then her native spirit came to the rescue and she said without a tremor: "Very well, Carrie, I s'pose you don't want to turn me out right at once, do you? Give me a little time to get a place and I'll go."

"Oh, certainly," said her cousin; "take your time by all means."

So Lizzie went away from the house to begin her search, very sorrowful. First of all, Mrs. Andrews, to give Lizzie her full title, found a serious difficulty in obtaining a room—a room, that is, in a decent house. The young wife had to seek till she was heart-sick as well as foot-weary before she found a place to lay her lonely head, and then she was treated more like a pauper than a solvent payer of rent. Indeed, she said that had she been single it would have been easier for her to find a room which the proprietors thereof would be willing to let to her than she found it being married. At last, to her great relief, the young wife succeeded in finding a room in the house of a worthy couple who, when they heard her story, were exceedingly sympathetic. But even they gave her clearly to understand that if she could not pay her rent for one week she must go. They were so poor that they dared not run the risk of having the room empty for a day, or of losing a day's rent; while as to running up a bill, it was not to be thought of. Their superior landlord called for his rent every Monday morning, and it must be ready for him, though the whole family should have to go without food to obtain it. Lizzie assured them that there was no danger of her not paying, and proudly exhibited her half-pay paper. Poor girl, in her ignorance she imagined that the £2 5s. per month it guaranteed was something in the nature of Bank of England dividends. The possibility of its failing never occurred to her.

And she got work too—she had a good sewing-machine—got work making ladies' ulsters at 11s. 6d. per dozen. The handsome, smirking Jew who gave them out to her assured her that he had given her the best-paid work in the shop; but when she found that even her deft fingers could scarcely complete three of them by close application for thirteen hours, she began to wonder what sort of a life the

women led who made the cheaper ones—down, for instance, to 4s. 9d. per dozen. Spurred by the fear of being left to want, she overworked herself and fell ill.

Then, suddenly, as the stress of the ship plunging at her cable in the teeth of the howling tempest and finding a weak link in it snaps it, and begins to drift awfully on the jagged rocks gnashing astern, there came to this poor soul the news of the loss of Saul's ship with all hands, and the consequent stoppage of his half-pay.

She lay down on her poor bed and moaned like a hurt animal, inarticulately, hopelessly. For hours she lay there, no one coming to see her, and had she died, as so many do, there would have been a long and utterly unprofitable inquiry into her death, and an open verdict. At last the doctor came. He was a young man who, to work up a practice and at the same time earn something, had opened a dispensary in the neighbourhood to which Lizzie had moved. Although only three months established there, he had already earned a reputation for kindness and attention that was bearing good fruit. His charges to his dispensary patients were ridiculously low; 6d. for advice and medicine, 1s. per visit at their homes. And for this he did a great deal. Also, if he found a patient really too poor to pay he freely attended them and gave them medicine for nothing. Of course, in order to do this it was necessary that he should have a little private means of his own, and this he obtained by marrying a lady with an income of £200 a year.

And all this time, half a world away, Saul was steadily awaiting deliverance. When once the battle with himself was won, patience and faithful waiting upon God resumed their sway in his rested soul. Even the hardship of being utterly without reading matter, above all a Bible, became bearable after a time. He had to learn the love of great silences. Never learning sufficient Italian to converse with his shipmates, he used to sit alone and fix his thoughts upon unseens, or allow his soul to bathe itself in the glories all around. But chiefly he loved to lie in the long, calm nights of the tropics on his back on the fo'csle head with his eyes fixed upon the vast star-besprinkled space above him, recalling all he could of the words of the Bible, and thinking upon the glories of heaven until his cultivated imagination almost made him see indescribable visions with the outward eyes of sense. He prayed without ceasing for his darling, and was content to leave the answering to God.

At last, one hundred and ninety-eight days after Saul was picked up, the "Guiseppe B" lumbered slowly and clumsily into Hong-Kong harbour, her paint bleached nearly to the wood off hull and yards by months of sun and rain; her sails worn to muslin by their long, long, profitless slatting against the masts; all that part of her beneath the water and much above incrusted with stony sea growths and festooned with dank, black-green moss that rose and fell with each movement of the sea like a floating shroud. She looked as if some long-ago given-up derelict had been suddenly restored to the busy world of men.

Saul's heart beat high with thankfulness as the old ship sailed up the well-remembered harbour into which he had so often steamed in the old days when he was quartermaster in one of the Glen boats. Nor did even the knowledge that no news could be awaiting him from home, or that from him no news could reach home for nearly two months, suffice to depress him.

No sooner was the anchor down and the decks cleared up than Saul went aft and appealed respectfully to the mate, the captain having, of course, gone ashore, to allow him to land. This, however, the mate dared not do without the captain's permission, and so Saul, comforting himself as best he could with the reflection that it was past office hours, resigned himself to another night on board the old hulk that had—oh, so slowly!—borne him to this far-off part of the world. Bright and early he sought the captain, who as well as he could made him understand that he was very well pleased with Saul's behaviour while on board; that he was free to go whenever he would; and that, but for the fact that he, the skipper, was a very poor man, he would have been glad to give Saul his monthly wage the same as the rest of the men earned. As it was, all he could do, and that out of his own pocket, was to give him twenty dollars.

With this pitiful sum Saul was obliged to be content, knowing that he could get no more. So, gathering the few ragged garments together that had been given him, he went ashore, straight to the postoffice, and writing there a long, loving letter to his wife, he sent her the whole of the money he

had just received except the cost of postage and transmission. Then he turned his steps towards the shipping office, and told his story. He was listened to in silence, and then asked if he would take a passage home in one of the blue-funnelled boats to England as a distressed seaman. This he refused, not wishing to arrive at home penniless. The official shrugged his shoulders and replied : " That's all I can do for you, then."

Outside the shipping office Saul stood awhile, wondering what he would do now. Suddenly he caught sight of a white policeman striding towards him, and intercepting him as he was passing, he asked him if there was in the place a seamen's mission, and if so would he direct the speaker thereto. Now, the policeman was a Christian, and to receive such an application warmed his heart. So he led Saul to the mission, entered with him and introduced him, and made arrangements for their meeting again that evening.

Now Saul's present troubles were all overcome. In the first place he was in the midst of a congenial environment ; in the next, all the help that he so much needed in food, lodging, and clothing was extended to him, and one gentleman, a merchant who was a stanch friend of the mission, even offered to cable home to Saul's wife the news of his safety at large cost. But this Saul refused, not seeing where the benefit would come, and feeling that it was not right to waste so much of other people's money.

One very happy week he spent in Hong-Kong, and then, not being able to get a berth as bo'sun, he shipped before the mast in a fine American ship bound for Manila to load hemp for New York. When he came on board he found himself, to his surprise, in an almost palatial house on deck, with a table running its whole length, light, clean, and well ventilated. He found the food not only good in quality and having plenty of variety, but excellently cooked, and served as if men were going to eat it and not hogs. His shipmates were a mixed medley of races, but principally Scandinavians, all well drilled and as smart as could well be. As for brutality, there was none. There was no need of it. An order sharply given was obeyed with the utmost alacrity and cheerfulness, for every man had learned that it is just as easy to obey smartly and willingly where obedience must be rendered, as it is to skulk and scowl through one's obvious duties.

In the delight which Saul felt at being on board of such a ship, and under such a system, he almost forgot the crushing burden of his trouble, especially as he received a month's advance of another four pounds, which he was able to send home intact to the poor girl whom he saw in his mind's eye suffering and sorrowing for him.

He left Hong-Kong with the hearty good wishes of all whom he had met there, well supplied with clothes by their liberality, and with such a stock of good reading matter as would last him all the way home most comfortably. He felt as if at last the long and dreary lane he had been travelling had found its turning, and that the pathway before him promised to be bright right to the end. He was in a good ship, with smart officers and a well-disciplined crew, and having a joy in doing that which the hand found to do with all his might, found life again very pleasant for him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MISSION PROSPERS.

Meanwhile events at the mission had been without much stirring interest to the little outside world of their immediate neighbourhood. though never lacking in variety and fulness of marvel to those who were responsible for its maintenance and direction. Jemmy, poor man, had passed through a very furnace of affliction at home. Mrs. Maskery got wet through in a sudden heavy shower. Next morning she was unable to rise; pneumonia had set in and delirium supervened. Ah, but it was pitiful to hear her self-reproach ! *Now* she had no word of condemnation for her husband ; her poor, diseased mind clung continually to memories of his faithfulness, his compassion, his brave and cheerful nature. And Jemmy sat by her bedside holding her burning hand, with the big tears of sympathy rolling down his face as he prayed without ceasing that the Lord would spare her to him yet a little while.

As she grew slowly convalescent she became accustomed to seeing her husband always near her, felt as if she must have his bright, patient face to gaze upon or she could make no progress. But she wondered, too, how it was that he could do this, how the bread was being earned and the landlord paid. At last, when her uneasiness became acute, she asked him how they were living. In a

broken voice Jemmy informed her that William Maylie, the young clerk who had become their treasurer, and Jemmy Paterson, the costermonger, were jointly providing for all their needs so that he could stay at home and nurse her.

As for his business, his father and uncle were attending to the orders between them, so that he was unlikely to lose anything in that way. Taking things all round, he gratefully said, they were better off than they had been for a very long time, and a Christian friend, who had heard of their case, had provided a month's holiday at the seaside at a convalescent home as soon as Mrs. Maskery was well enough to be moved. As soon as she heard this she announced her intention of refusing such an offer for herself. She had been lying idle there much too long, she said, and her fingers itched to be seeing about her home again.

"Ah, Jim, ole sweet'art!" she sighed, sinking back on her pillow. "I've a-learned a good many fings lyin' 'ere; that I 'ave. But the best fing I learnt was wot I knowed in my 'eart long ago, that you was the bes' man in the world—ter me, anyhow, an' that in fucher I mus' try an' show yer every way I can that I do believe in yer, an' love yer wiv all my 'eart an' soul. An' as ter goin' away, I'll do anyfink y'arsk me to."

"An' nah," said Jemmy, "we mus' get you set up agen as soon as we can, 'corse all on us wants muvver bad. 'Ow we've missed yer I can't never tell ye."

"All right, ole dear; I'll go, then, as I've said," she replied, "but wotever I'm t' do fur close I carn't fink. I don't want t' say a word t' 'urt yer feelin's, dear, but I ain't got a decent rag t' my back. As long as I'm at 'ome in me own place it don't matter so much, but I carn't go away wivout a little close fit fur uvver people t' look at in case I was took ill agen, can I?"

To her intense surprise Jemmy made her no direct answer, but stepping into the next room he brought thence a fairly well-worn but still presentable Gladstone bag. This he opened before her astonished eyes, and revealed a really good stock of underclothing all neatly packed. "This 'ere lot was sent 'ere wiv a label on it—'Mrs. Maskery'—w'ile you was ill. Finkin' p'raps there might be somefink in it that 'd go bad if it was left, I opened it. I don't know where it come from, nor I don't fink that need bovver erse a bit. 'Ere it is, an' it's yores. I'm so fankful I don't know what to do."

There was just a little feeling of resentment at the idea of having to wear somebody else's cast-off clothing (for though very good and hardly worn, the things were evidently second-hand); but that soon passed off in the deep content the poor woman felt in the possession of these much-needed garments. And Jemmy, wonderfully lightened in heart and mind, went about the house, cleaning, cooking, etc., singing in his high falsetto such fragments of joyful hymns as occurred to him.

It was Thursday, and after Jemmy had done the house up, finding that his wife was so much brighter and better, he timidly suggested the possibility of his being able to run down to the Hall for an hour or so. To his great delight she was not only willing but anxious that he should go.

"I want yer t' put up a thanksgivin' fer me, if ye will," she said. "Tell 'em all 'at I'm 'umbly grateful fer Gord's mercy; tell 'em I've had a signal evidence of 'is goodness an' luv, an' that I'll try my uttermost t' 'elp forward the cause of Gord if 'e spares me t' return t' the world of work."

So Jemmy went. Went and found that for a Thursday night there was a record attendance. During his absence at his sick wife's bedside there had been a sort of dual control. Maylie, the young clerk, and Paterson, the coster, had been working like Trojans, and their ministry had been abundantly successful. Bill Harrop, too, had been supporting them, but he had developed the finer aspects of the Christian character, the ability to stand aside and let the Lord use whomsoever He will so long as the kingdom's cause is advanced. To stand at the door and hand out the hymn-books; to sweep up the Hall after everybody had gone; to be first to come and last to go—these were Bill Harrop's ambitions, if by such a name they might properly be called. When chaffed about his earnestness he would say:

"Ar, if you'd a-ben dahn inter th' dirty 'ell 'at I 'ave, an' ben pulled erp agen inter th' clean 'eaven 'at I 'ave, you couldn't wonder at my be'avin' as I do. I carn't 'elp it; no, I carn't, an'"—here he whispered mysteriously—"I woodn't if I could. I like it too much. I sleeps like a baby, I eats anyfink 'at comes along wiv a 'Fank Gord' for it, my wife an' kids fair

wusshups the grahnd I walks on an' me! Oh, *you* don't know what a dirty dorg I was, an' would be nah if it wasn't fer 'im, the Lord Gord Almighty."

When Jemmy appeared on the platform, his face aglow with thankfulness, there was a long-drawn breath, and then—it would not be restrained—an uproarious burst of applause. They clapped, and stamped, and shouted till they were tired, and at last Jemmy got a chance to say a word.

So Jemmy preached and prayed as of old, but with an added power that neither he nor his hearers could have explained. He swayed them as the wind the leaves, and when at last he sat down there was a long-drawn sigh of disappointment that he had ended so soon. But it was soon made up for by the following speakers—Harrop and Paterson and Maylie. When they had finished their various speeches Jemmy rose again to address the meeting. He said:

"Brevren an' sisters, I can't leave 'ere ter-night wivout tellin' yer wot's in my 'eart abaht some of these yer dear fellers 'ere. Y' all know I ain't much of a money-earner at the best er times, an' therefore y' ain't got much differculty in seein' 'at fings must 'a' ben pretty bad for me lately. We all know wot it means w'en th' wife's laid up an' th' ole man's outer work, don't we? Well, two dear fellers in this 'ere meetin' 'as *kep'* me an' my fam'ly nah fer abaht six weeks. Yuss, an' I arsks yer ter fank Gord fer sendin' on earf two such men as Willie Maylie and Jemmy Paterson. Let's sing. Sister, play us

"'Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine,
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine.'"

So they launched into song, and sang the chorus, "This is my story, this is my song," three times to each verse and five or six times to the last, and were all very much uplifted and happy. But as they were about to leave, just after the benediction had been pronounced, a wild-looking figure that had been crouching in the doorway stood up and shuffled along the aisle towards the platform. Paterson and Harrop went to meet him and attend to him in case he should have come to make any disturbance, when the latter recognized him as Jimson. Truly he was a sad spectacle. Filthy beyond expression, shoeless, in scanty rags that hardly covered his nakedness, he was an object-lesson in the highest sense on the fact that the way of transgressors is hard.

The people waited to see "what was up," as they put it, and presently the poor wretch was allowed to mount the platform and tell his story. In effect it was this: That although he had apparently left the mission through pique, it was really because he had never actually had his heart in it. He loved to hold a prominent place among his fellows, and to pose as respectable because he found it paid with his employer, who was a very religious man. So he had joined the Wren Lane band before it possessed the present Hall, and for a time found himself looked up to by Jemmy and taking the part he loved—viz., that of a prominent man. But when the mission expanded he found himself, as he put it, a bit crowded, and he also found the work getting irksome. So he became a backslider, and immediately went back to the drink.

He went rapidly down, down, down. Now his wife was dead, his children were scattered, and he was, he hoped, in the last stages of a disease that would carry him off very speedily. He didn't want anything, for he was going to the workhouse infirmary to die; but before he went he wanted to ease his mind by confessing to all connected with the mission that no one was in any way to blame for his going away but himself. He (the speaker) asked them all to forgive him and pray for him, and he bade them good-bye. Resisting all efforts to detain him, he hobbled slowly slowly away, only accepting the help of poor old Woody to enable him to reach the infirmary. They took him in at once, and in three days he was dead, having by his last few words made a greater impression upon his hearers than ever he had been able to do in his previous mission days—an impression that will never fade from some of their minds while life lasts.

After the audience had dispersed, the brethren remained a little while to discuss the mission affairs upon the reappearance of Jemmy. All felt that they had deep cause for thankfulness in the steady, solid work that was going on, and the manner in which they were paying their way. Their Sunday-school roll numbered nearly three hundred, and already the accommodation for the children was very restricted. But no suggestion of enlarging their borders or launching out into ambitious building schemes was mooted, for all felt that such things in their position were better left severely alone.

As Jemmy tersely put it: "S' long 's we're 'umble th' Lord 'll bless us;

w'en we git too big for our boots 'e'll 'ave to set erse back a bit same 's 'e done afore. That done erse good, no doubt, but I don't want any more on it, thank yer."

Mr. Jackson had grown and waxed great, so Bill Harrop reported. He had taken a large hall, seating eight hundred, at an expense of nearly £7 a week; he had got together a good-sized brass band, whereof every member had the privilege of finding his own instrument; and he was now preaching a curious blend of Universalism, faith-healing, and ritualism. He had left the police force, donned a clerical garb, and had cards printed with the words: "Rev. Thos. Jackson, Peniston Hall Gospel Mission." He was popularly supposed to be making between £200 and £300 per annum.

When Jemmy heard this news he said with a sigh: "I sh'd like fine ter be mykin' free 'underd a year, an' I 'opes I won't never be tempted to make it dis'onest. But I do know 'at if I wos offered right 'ere t' exchange wiv Jackson, I wouldn't. 'E must be unhappy inside, mustn't 'e?"

"Well, I don' know," answered his father musingly, "'e may be happier 'n wot you think for. 'E may believe 'e's all right. Nobody knows wot they can do in the way of deceivin' 'emselves ti} they begins ter try. If it wasn't so I don't know ow' we sh'd accahnt fur the many jolly people we see aht of Christ, wivout any 'ope fur th' fucher, any well-grahnded 'ope, that is."

There remained only the good-nights to say, and hands to be shaken. So they parted, and Jemmy hastened home, trotting all the way. When he reached his house he rushed upstairs, to find Mrs. Maskery sitting up in bed eating a little beef-tea brought her by Sister Salmon, who was sitting at the other side of the bed. She welcomed her husband with a bright smile and an outstretched hand, saying to Sister Salmon as she did so:

"Ar! pore old dear, many a night 'e's come 'ome wiv is face a-smilin' like that, an' I just *'ated* 'im for bein' so 'appy. I couldn't be, and w'y sh'd 'e? So I used ter go for 'im an' nag 'im till I almost believed 'at the fings I wos a-syin' abaht 'im an' to 'im was true. An' 'e bore it like a angel. That's wot I fink made me wuss. If 'e'd a 'it me, or tole me the real trufe abaht myself, I might not a gone so fur. But 'e didn't. 'E just useter go up ter bed an' go to sleep like a baby. An' that made me wuss 'n ever. Wot bisness 'ad 'e ter sleep wen I couldn't? Ah, well, I believe it's all over nah! I fahnd 'im aht at last ter be the dearest, lovin'est, furgivinest ole dear as ever was, an' I 'opes, Sister Salmon, as you'll remember 'at I said so if ever I sh'd break loose agen."

Sister Salmon had risen to go when Jemmy came in, but Mrs. Maskery held her tight while she told her what was in her heart. And as soon as the poor woman had finished speaking, that sweet, saintly soul just stooped and kissed the worn face all wet with repentant tears, saying only "Good-night, dear, an' God bless ye, you've made me very happy." Then she left the room, Jemmy holding the candle high over the banisters to light her way down, and hastened off to join her faithful spouse in their own peaceful home.

(To be continued.)

GROWING OLD.

As we grow old, how softly, slowly close
  The doors of sense and shut us from the world,
Like tender petals of some ling'ring rose
  That of a frosty night have inward curled!

Dim as the figures in a dream now pass
  Those glitt'ring shows that stirred our youthful hearts,
Poor, hurrying shadows in a misty glass,
  Each but a moment seen ere it departs.

Nor sight, nor sound, nor taste of earth's delights
  Can longer please; these things are past and gone:
The soul will put the quiet house to rights,
  And in the upper chamber watch the dawn.

WESLEY'S DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.*

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I.

IN our present study we are called to deal with a subject which is purely historical. It is a question of fact which we are investigating. What did Mr. Wesley believe and teach concerning Christian Perfection as a matter of religious life and experience?

This question is intimately bound up with another, also a question of facts. By what process of instruction, reading, investigation, or personal experience did Mr. Wesley come to believe and teach this doctrine?

A complete answer to the first question is largely dependent on the second. A complete knowledge of Mr. Wesley's belief and teaching is not to be derived from isolated passages selected from his writings, even when he himself has collected these into such a little volume as his treatise on Christian Perfection. There is in that work itself a distinct evolution from his earlier to his more mature position. It is one of the most satisfactory aspects of Mr. Wesley's belief and teaching on this as on every other part of religion, that it was personal, experimental, and practical. He studied and understood these things in the light of his own experience, and that of his people, and he brought all his ideas to the test, first of Scripture, and then of actual religious life. It was a principle with Wesley that the inward teaching of the Spirit is a necessary help to the understanding of the teaching of the Spirit in the Word. In this he followed St. Paul, who tells us that things spiritual "are spiritually discerned."

Mr. Wesley tells us that his attention was first called to this subject in the twenty-third year of his age (1725) by the reading of Bishop Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." Taylor was perhaps the brightest ornament of the High Church school of Anglicans, who flourished throughout the seventeenth century. They represent what is sometimes called "objective religion," i.e., a religion which emphasizes not so much the emotional experiences of religion as the right manner of conduct and of moral and religious duties. An excellent presentation of this is to be found in a work published about the middle of the seventeenth century, entitled, "The Whole Duty of Man," and intended as a guide for "the use of all," and as a necessary manual for the instruction of families. This work was so greatly esteemed by Mr. Wesley in his High Church days that he was in the habit of presenting it to the prisoners of Oxford, for whose spiritual welfare he was labouring. He placed it next after the Bible and the Prayer-book. See Works, Vol. III., pp. 8 and 9. This book lays down as the condition of eternal happiness, "the hearty, honest endeavour of obeying the whole will of God"; and this is divided into our duty to God, ourselves, and our neighbour. There can be no doubt that the exposition of moral and religious conduct which follows in the body of the work is most admirable, and that the man who lived up to it in heart as well as life could not be denied the name of Christian. But behind this objective setting forth of Christianity is the idea that in baptism the man "was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." For the next twelve years we find Mr. Wesley seeking to perfect his Christian life along this line and from this foundation.

But when he took Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying" as his guide to a perfect Christian life he had by no means placed himself in the hands of a superficial master. Bishop Taylor's ideal of a holy life is far more than an external and merely objective one. In his introduction, he recognizes the importance of orthodox belief, attendance on ordinances of worship, and right conduct of life. But from these he passes at once to the right heart, the intention in moral action, the disposition of the heart in religious worship, and charity in our relation to our neighbour. He appre-

*A paper read before the Theological Union of the Bay of Quinte Conference, June, 1903.

ciated fully the importance of all the inner graces of the Christian character, as well as the right performance of all outward duty, whether moral or religious. But perhaps the most noteworthy part of Bishop Taylor's work is the way by which he teaches his readers to seek the attainment of this inward holiness. It may be fairly described as a process of spiritual culture or education. It is the old monastic idea of *αισκησις* exercise in religion, from which we derive our term asceticism. The right intention is described as if we could directly control it. We are exhorted to the "exercise of the presence of God," and rules are given for this exercise, as recollection of the Divine omnipresence, acts of adoration, discourses to be repeated as between God and the soul chiefly selected from Scripture.

The impressions made on the mind of Wesley were carried a stage further by the writings of another High Church mystic, William Law. He followed in the footsteps of Taylor, but advanced to a more positive view of inward holiness. If Taylor's presentation could be described as "purity of intention," Law's might be fairly stated as "entire consecration." His conception of the perfect religion is a life given to God; the life of one "who lives no longer to his own will, or the way and spirit of the world, but to the sole will of God, who considers God in everything, who serves God in everything, who makes all the parts of his common life parts of piety by doing everything in the name of God, and under such rules as are conformable to His glory."

Nothing could be more beautiful than Mr. Law's account of this holy life, and his exhortation or serious call thereto, and its very language passed into Mr. Wesley's thinking and forms of expression in all his after life. But Law's way to its attainment did not differ essentially from that of Taylor. It is founded on the same sacramental doctrine, and recommends similar religious exercises.

Another book which at this time largely influenced Mr. Wesley was "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas a-Kempis. Of these three great writers, a-Kempis was without doubt the most profound mystic. If by Taylor Wesley's thoughts were turned inward to examine with rigid scrutiny his intentions, if by Law there was set before him the lofty conception of God in everything, the holy Thomas opened up to him the richest fulness of love to God and man, carrying the fundamental elements of Christian character out into every phase of the inner life. But the way to all this is through the sacraments, though much comes through the exercise of the cross, i.e., through those painful things which are appointed for our chastening in the providence of God.

A-Kempis not only deepened Wesley's views of the nature of inward holiness, but he also turned his thought to Christ as the great Exemplar, and to the New Testament as the standard of the perfect ideal of Christian character. Taylor and Law may both be described as ethical mystics. A-Kempis is almost purely religious. He shows little or no trace of the influence of an ethical or ethico-religious philosophy.

Mr. Wesley continued under the influence of these three writers for some six or seven years, and the result was the formation in his mind of that remarkably exalted ideal of the perfect Christian character set forth in the thirty-third of his standard sermons preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1833, five years befor his conversion. (Christian Perfection, p. 7.)

But a much more important result was dissatisfaction with himself. During this time he was seeking not to become a Christian, for he probably had not a doubt that in his baptism he had been "made a member of Christ," and "an inheritor of the kingdom of God," but a *perfect* Christian, and the result of his struggle and effort under the direction of his sacramentarian and mystic teachers was not an assurance that he was moving towards perfection, but an ever-deepening sense of his own imperfection.

But before coming to the true way toward the divine life, Wesley was to make yet another experiment. He was by nature not a mystic, but rather an exceedingly practical man. Hence, for him, as also for his fellow-members of the Holy Club, the moral, practical precepts of Taylor and Law had a greater attraction than the mystic exercises of the presence of God. Hence, not only in the Holy Club, at Oxford, but also as curate at Epworth and Wroote, and as missioner to Georgia, we find him scrupulously occupied with the performance of all the duties of religion, especially with the discharge of his clerical duties according to the strict letter of the law. But this, as all who have followed closely his life in Georgia will remember, instead of bringing him perfect inward satisfaction, brought him such out-

ward conflict and difficulty that there is every reason to fear that his inward temper was very far from being at all times the undisturbed calm and peace of a perfect Christian.

It was at this point that Mr. Wesley was brought into that relation to the evangelical mysticism of the Moravians which exercised so important an influence upon his whole subsequent career. I need not repeat the story, with which you are all so familiar, of the storm at sea, of the calm faith of the praying Moravians, even of the women and children, which the young High Church clergyman secretly contrasted with his own inward lack of assurance. On shipboard he had not given over his regular religious methods. He even increased them, becoming a vegetarian, giving up "the use of flesh and wine." Private prayer, the study of the Bible and the Fathers, public prayer, the study of the German language, an hour of profitable conversation, reading to the passengers, evening prayers, with exposition of the lesson of the day, another private prayer, again reading to the passengers, the German worship, and another hour of instructive conversation, and then retiring to rest, this was the normal daily programme, according to Bishop Taylor's first rule, which Wesley followed all his life, "Redeem the time."

But this regular life was broken by a storm, in which Wesley "was so vaulted over with waters in a moment, and so stunned that he scarce expected to lift up his head again till the sea should give up her dead." Then it was that, "I could not but say to myself, 'How is it that thou hast no faith, being still unwilling to die?'" "Oh, how pure in heart must he be who would rejoice to appear before God at a moment's warning." The contrast to this he found in the Germans, their seriousness, their humility, performing menial offices for the other passengers, and now their calmness in the face of death.

This testimony fastened upon him the irresistible conviction that he was lacking in some fundamental element of the true inner life of a Christian, and this conviction was continually deepened through the whole of the next three years. Through those three years of continuous intercourse with the Moravians, at the end of which he was led to the conscious enjoyment of a true evangelical religious experience, we need not follow him. It is sufficient to give the result in his own words. See Wesley's Works, Vol. III., American edition, pp. 70-74.

It may be regarded as strange that a High Church clergyman would so easily resign himself to a diametrically opposite line of teaching at the hands of the humble Moravians. Two things will account for this: 1. Mr. Wesley throughout his whole life was intensely practical, and no line of demonstration appealed to him more strongly than demonstration in actual facts. 2. The Moravians were an Episcopal Church, antedating even the Church of England in the separation from the jurisdiction of Rome. They were also a national church. They had still further taken no little pains to preserve their succession of orders from the ancient Church through the Waldenses, who, like themselves, were of the Evangelical faith. There was thus nothing in their ecclesiastical status to offend his High Church principles. Nor was he called upon to renounce his dogma of baptismal regeneration. The quotation which we have just read, presenting his view of his entire religious life up to date, shows this very clearly. That which had come to him was not so much an intellectual conviction of error in doctrine as a moral conviction of his own spiritual deficiency, of a lack of faith, humility, recollection of mind, and seriousness of spirit. All this his High Church mystic teachers had taught him to regard as a part of the true inward perfection of the Christian. They had failed to show him the true way to its attainment, the way of faith. Under this conviction, he wrote these oft-repeated words, "I, who went to America to convert others, was never myself converted to God." A more mature experience led him to add, "I am not sure of this. I had even then the faith of a servant, though not of a son." The fact is that twelve years before, Mr. Wesley had been converted in the New Testament sense of the word, i.e., his whole course of life had been turned about from the pursuit of sin and folly to an earnest seeking after God. Nor was he without an incipient faith, as he himself afterwards came to see. That which he now learned from the Moravians was the importance of the pardon of sin, and acceptance with God. Doubtless they stated this in an extremely rigid form, leading Mr. Wesley himself to judgments and expressions which he afterwards modified. In this, Count Zinzendorf would appear to be clearer than Mr. Wesley's first teacher, Peter Bohler. Bohler had said:

1. When a man has living faith in Christ, then he is justified.

2 This is always given in a moment.

3. And in that moment he has peace with God.

4. Which he cannot have without knowing that he has it.

5. And being born of God he sinneth not.

6. Which deliverance from sin he cannot have without knowing that he has it.

But a little later Mr. Wesley learned from Zinzendorf as follows :

1. Justification is the forgiveness of sins.

2. The moment a man flies to Christ he is justified.

3. And has peace with God, but not always joy.

4. Nor perhaps may he know that he is justified till long after.

5. For the assurance of it is distinct from justification itself.

6. But others may know he is justified by his power over sin, by his seriousness, his love of the brethren, by his hunger and thirst after righteousness, which alone prove the spiritual life to be begun.

7. To be justified is the same thing as to be born of God. (Wesley adds, "Not so.")

8. When a man is awakened, he is begotten of God, and his fear and sorrow and sense of the wrath of God are the pangs of the new birth.

These synopses of Moravian teaching from Mr. Wesley's own pen are of great importance as guides to the right understanding of Mr. Wesley's experience at this time (commonly known as his conversion), and also in their bearing upon Mr. Wesley's subsequent doctrine of "salvation by faith." Bohler had taught him to expect an experience which came in a moment, and made little of all that preceded. Count Zinzendorf gave much larger importance to the twelve years which preceded this instantaneous experience. Bohler made this the date of justification and the new birth. Zinzendorf made it the assurance of these blessings, and distinct from them. The questions thus raised we do not know that Mr. Wesley ever definitely settled by exact definition. But he did in all his after work and teaching place most explicit emphasis upon the experience given in a moment, making it not a *sine qua non* of salvation or of acceptance before God, but regarding it especially in its relation to the blessing of Christian perfection, as "exceedingly desirable." He does, however, admit, and even teach, as important, that without such an experience a man may be a servant, though not a son, of God. And that Christian perfection may be gradually reached without a second such notable experience.

But, notwithstanding this guarding of the doctrine from extreme and exclusive statement, the emphasis of the instantaneous experience became henceforth a central feature of the religious work of Methodism, and, in fact, of all modern evangelism, and Mr. Wesley fully justifies that emphasis from the examples of apostolic work in the New Testament.

It is thus very clear that he regarded the event of the 24th of May, 1738, as not a mere passing incident or feature, but as an event of transcendent importance in his own religious life—of such importance that he devoted his whole subsequent life to bringing about a similar experience in the lives of others. Call it what you will—justification, the new birth, conversion, the witness of the Spirit, assurance, or the new life—it was to him the entrance upon evangelical experience of religion, which for ever transferred his conception of religion from all occult processes of sacramental efficacy and ecclesiastical status before God to the inward, personal, conscious, relationship to God which is reached by faith in Jesus Christ, and which is the essence of evangelical as distinguished from sacramentarian or sacerdotal religion.

The old Reformation term for this new experience was justification by faith. This Mr. Wesley by no means discarded ; and he has given us a sermon on that subject which is very clear and thoroughly Protestant in its teachings. But the significance of this experience to his own spiritual life led him to prefer another Pauline and scriptural term, more comprehensive in its significance. This was, "Salvation by faith." His own experience, after twelve years spent in the quest for a holy life and heart, had led to an appreciation of the fact that this experience meant not only the consciousness of sin forgiven, but also the entrance into the life of love, joy, peace, and all the fruits of the Spirit, and the coming to the will of a new power to overcome sin, to which he had been before a stranger. In fact, this new experience was to him the beginning, if not more, of that life of inner holiness for which he had so long been striving, seemingly in vain. It was this which led to the title, "Salvation by faith," so

fully expounded in his first sermon preached at St. Mary's, in Oxford, twenty-five days after his great experience at the little Moravian meeting at Fetter Lane.

But the full significance of this evangelical experience for Christian perfection he had not as yet reached. In the next two years he published at least two important tracts on the subject of Christian Perfection, one in 1739, entitled, "The Character of a Methodist." This he intended as a description of the perfect Christian, and it speaks throughout the language of the evangelical Christian experience, i.e., of one who knows the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost. He also describes this character as the fruit of "living faith." But he makes no special reference to a second experience reached by a specific act of faith. But he does connect directly this whole vivid inner life, full of the conscious presence of God, with the living faith in Christ, of which he was now himself the happy possessor.

The next year he prepared and published the sermon on Christian Perfection, numbered XI. in his collected sermons. This sermon, like the preceding tract, deals with the character of the perfect Christian rather than the way of its attainment. But it describes his character on the side not of emotions and affections, but of action. Even the babe in Christ is so far perfect as not to commit sin of knowing will, and the mature Christian is further free from sinful desires (the motive to sinful act), and from sinful tempers, the disposition which lies back of such desires, or the sudden outbreak of passion. This description carries us back to the ideas of Jeremy Taylor, purity of motive, but follows closely scriptural lines. It is one of the first pieces in which controversy gives to Mr. Wesley's treatment a more distinctively theological character. Hence it stands before us with much more of theological definition, and an entire absence of emotional experience. This definition is enlarged in the preface to his hymn-book, published in 1742, in which the absence of sinful motives and passions, and the fulness of Christian affections, especially perfect love, are enlarged upon, and all summed up as "the mind which was in Christ, to walk as he walked."

Two years later, at the first Methodist Conference, June 26, 1744, the question of sanctification or perfection was taken up, as also at the Conference of the following year, and the definition clearly maintained that it is negatively the eradication of sinful desire, and positively perfect love.

At this Conference faith is named both as the condition and instrument of sanctification. "When we begin to believe, then sanctification begins. And as faith increases, holiness increases, till we are created anew."

The marks of the blessing are also given. "We cannot, without the miraculous discernment of spirits, be infallibly certain. But we apprehend these would be the best proofs which the nature of the thing admits:

"1. If we had sufficient evidence of their unblamable behaviour preceding."

2. A distinct account of the "time and manner wherein they were saved from sin." . . .

3. Afterwards, "tempers, words, and actions, holy and unreprovable."

Under date of December 2nd, 1744, we meet with a passage in Mr. Wesley's Journal which throws a side-light on these Conference discussions. He says: "I was with two persons who believe they are saved from all sin. Be it so or not, why should we not rejoice in the work of God so far as it is unquestionably wrought in them? For instance, I ask John C——, 'Do you pray always? Do you rejoice in God every moment? Do you in everything give thanks? In loss? In pain? In sickness? In weariness? In disappointments? Do you desire nothing? Do you fear nothing? Do you feel the love of God continually in your heart? Have you a witness in whatever you speak or do that it is pleasing to God?' If he can solemnly and deliberately answer in the affirmative, why do I not rejoice and praise God on his behalf? Perhaps because I have an exceedingly complicated idea of sanctification, or a sanctified man."

Here is a presentation of the perfect Christian, purely subjective and religious, and quite distinct from the theological definitions of the sermon and the Conference, though in no way contradictory to them. This is the first instance in which Mr. Wesley speaks historically of the professed attainment of Christian perfection, and it is noteworthy that he speaks of it as being "saved from all sin." This links his further development of the doctrine with his own fundamental experience of salvation by faith.

Current Topics and Events.

THE DOOR IS OPEN.—*Harper's Weekly.*

How Russia keeps her Pledges.

Our cartoon shows strikingly how Russia keeps her promises of the open door. John Bull alone of all the great powers opens wide the doors of commerce in every land where his rule obtains, to friend and foe alike. Is his policy just a little bit too generous for this selfish world ?

The Bagdad Railway.

For many years Great Britain has been interested in the Euphrates Valley Railway. It was long regarded as the short route to her Indian possessions. Half a century ago a Nova Scotian officer in the British service sailed far up the Euphrates, and made important surveys of this proposed route. The opening of the Suez Canal side-tracked the enterprise for a time. It has been revived by the proposition of Germany to enlist British capital and British patronage in the completion of this great work. "The German Government," says The Review of Reviews, "wanted British help in order to enable German financiers to construct a railway across Asiatic Turkey to the Persian Gulf. The British Government was asked (1) to agree to an increase of import duties on British goods in order to enable the Turk to meet the promises made to the promoters of the railway ; (2) to induce British financiers to raise money for the cost of its construction ; (3) to facilitate its access to the Persian Gulf at Koweit; (4) to acquiesce in the control of the railway by a Board predominantly German ; (5) to assist in the success of the railway by promising to use it for the transmission of the mails to India. As soon as the nature of the proposed entanglement was realized, a great outcry arose in the Ministerial press against the ratification of the Bagdad agreement. In order to defeat the railway, its opponents did not scruple to inflame the public mind against Germany. Punch's cartoon, representing the British lion hesitating to put his paw into the Bagdad trap, while the German hunter peeps out behind the rocks, accurately represents the kind of appeal which was used by the opponents of the agreement. For a week or two Ministers persisted in the support which they had promised to the German scheme. But at the last moment, thanks, it is said, to the action of Mr.

MAP ILLUSTRATING ROUTE OF THE BAGDAD RAILWAY.

Chamberlain, they were compelled to throw it overboard."

But the road will be eventually be built. Our map shows what an important influence it would possess as uniting the Black Sea (and indirectly the Caspian), the Mediterranean, and the Persian Gulf. It also shows how such a road would menace Britain's route to her Indian possessions, and indicates a reason for Lord Lansdowne's peremptory protest against Russian influence in the Persian Gulf.

The College Man's Prospects.

Mr. George Horace Lorimer, editor of The Saturday Evening Post, made himself somewhat uncomfortably famous this summer by a brief editorial entitled, "Cut Out the Educational Frills." He described college culture as "moth-eaten trappings of mediævalism," "impeding frilleries," and "forms of mental labour absolutely useless." He ended by saying only the "lusty, alive hustler" could maintain a foothold in the modern world.

One thing the writer seems to have lost sight of, namely, that there is nothing in the world to prevent the college graduate being as much a "lusty, alive hustler" as any one else. In fact, his whole training has tended to make him keenly alive and energetic. It is no part of college life to produce slowness of mind and lack of energy. Anything but that.

Zion's Herald makes a vigorous reply to this article, getting most of its data from the well-known volume, "Who's Who in America," 1902. It finds here that out of the entire population of the United States, only 11,551 people have become sufficiently known "to make the publication of biographical facts about them seem desirable." In these records are the names of officers of the national and of state administrations, judges of courts, lawyers, bankers, engineers, editors, writers, clergymen, professors, congressmen, senators, artists, publishers, officers of the army and navy, heads of great corporations, and others. But more than half the entire list of names are those of college graduates, and hundreds of the others have taken the "moth-eaten" high-school course. By careful statistics, Zion's Herald shows that one collegian in every 182 becomes of sufficient importance to be noted in "Who's Who in America." While of the non-collegians, only one man in 2,545 comes to the front. The chances of the college man are thus fourteen times that of the man not trained in college. This is by no means intended to underrate the man with the one chance who, without such advantages, bravely battles his way to the front.

The President of France in England.

The President of France during his visit to England, has been greeted everywhere with the "Marseillaise." It was an act that could not but touch the heart of England when he laid a wreath of flowers upon the tomb of our late beloved Queen in Frogmore. The visit of President Loubet to England, following that of King Edward to Paris, may mean nothing more than a mere exchange of international courtesies; but, in any case, it is significant of a growing amity between the two peoples.

The King, at the banquet in Buckingham Palace, said there existed a friendly feeling towards France among Britons, and that France, being England's nearest neighbour, should naturally be her best neighbour. There are many reasons why a cordial understanding between the two nations would be mutually advantageous to both. A number of leading French statesmen believe there is no necessity of antagonism between the two, commercially or colonially; France has given up the idea of rivalling the British navy, and they believe wherever English and French interests are concerned, a satisfactory agreement is possible, by the making of mutual concessions.

Resisting the Education Bill.

The promoters of the Education Bill in England must assuredly feel by this time that they are treading no flowery way. The movement for resistance to the payment of rates grows apace. A characteristic scene was that at the sale of household goods seized for non-payment at Hastings. All the local auctioneers refused the task. Accordingly, an Italian was brought from London. The sale, however, was broken up by the violence of the crowd, and adjourned indefinitely. In other places, the goods seized have been bought in by friends of the resisters. Of course, it is only the leaders of the movement that are thus resisting.

The passive resistance attitude has called forth a letter from Prime Minister Balfour, in which he asserts that the Nonconformists have no right to resist the law. Dr. Clifford, one of the leaders of the movement, replied in a powerful letter, defining the rights and duties of citizens and of Free Churchmen. An anecdote of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of City Temple, is told in this connection. He was explaining to an American reporter the situation over the Education Bill in England, saying that the expense of the schools was largely to be borne by the general public, while a small Church of England minority controlled the instruction. "Tut," exclaimed the reporter, "we wouldn't stand that over here!" "Tut," replied Mr. Campbell quick as a flash, "and we're not going to stand it over there!"

Pope Pius the Tenth.

On Tuesday morning of last week, much to the surprise of nearly every one, Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, a priest of marked democratic ideas, possessing a highly cultured mind, modest and agreeable in manners, and active in good works, was elected to succeed the late lamented Leo in the chair of St. Peter. The election was evidently in the nature of a compromise between two rival factions, but, from the point of view of an outsider, the choice seems an eminently wise one. Cardinal Sarto is said to have shown little interest in or knowledge of the political plans and schemings of the Vatican, and is an advocate of harmony between Church and State in Italy. With an inclination to magnify the spiritual side of his office, he may well serve the higher interests of the Church, that is, if he has the force of character to dominate the powerful non-spiritual forces that surround him, and the tendency to political intrigue that has long marred the history of the Roman Church. He is but ill-informed, however, as to real conditions who imagines that any Pope can seriously change the traditional policy of the Vatican. Pope Pius is sixty-eight years of age, and had been a Cardinal since 1893.—Christian Guardian.

Shipbuilding and Sugar-eating.

The mistress of the seas shows no signs of waning strength. More than half the total output of the world's shipbuilding for last year belonged to Britain. Her tonnage was over five times that of any other power. The aggregate tonnage of Britain and her colonies for the past year was 1,699,457 tons, that of the United States, the second among shipbuilding powers, 317,775 tons. Zion's Herald notes a curious fact, that as "a nation eats sugar so is its power on the sea." England consumes 86 pounds of sugar a year per capita, and half the ships

that float fly the British ensign. The next maritime power is the United States, whose consumption of sugar per capita is 67 pounds a year. So the ratio runs down the scale till we come to Turkey, with practically no mercantile marine of her own, and whose inhabitants consume only 7 pounds of sugar per capita per annum.

The Ship-Canal through Scotland.

A ship-canal is to be constructed through Scotland from the Firth of Forth to the Clyde, at an estimated cost of $50,000,000. Great advantages, both commercial and military, will be secured by this water-way. The Government endorsed the enterprise, chiefly because of its great strategic advantages. Already Britain is constructing a large naval base on the Firth of Forth for the use of the North Sea Fleet. The Forth-Clyde canal will enable the fleet to reach the Atlantic by steaming through protected waters, a distance of only forty miles. The commercial marine will be saved the exposure of the frequently boisterous passage around England.

Injustice in the Congo Region.

The British House of Commons recently directed the Foreign Office to correspond with the signatory powers to the Brussels Treaty regarding the wrongs the Belgian Government is said to be committing in the Congo region. It is alleged that Belgium has a monopoly of the foreign trade of the Congo, that the section of the treaty giving all religious denominations equal privileges in the Congo has been violated, and that the worst kind of inhumanity is practised, including forced labour, and brutal treatment of both natives and foreigners.

A New Department.

A new department of the United States Government has been opened. It will be known as the Department of Commerce and Labour. It will have control of the lighthouse establishment, the steamboat inspection service, the bureau of navigation, the shipping commissioners, the national bureau of standards, the coast and geodetic survey, the bureaus of immigration and statistics, the census bureau, the bureau of labour, the fish commission, and the bureau of foreign commerce.

The new department is not to exercise inquisitorial powers over large corporations; nevertheless, it is to be watchful of the trusts and help American commerce and business men in every way possible. The President means to make it useful to both business and capital.

Anarchists Not Wanted.

In one of her recent laws the United States has taken a wise step toward preventing the immigration of anarchists into the country. The law requires the rejection of all future certificates of naturalization which do not set forth that the person naturalized "is not opposed to all organized government, nor affiliated with any organization so opposed; that he does not advocate the unlawful assaulting or killing of officers of government, and has not violated any of the provisions of the act." Neither will passports be granted to naturalized persons except when court records are produced to show that the applicants are free from the impediments set forth in the law. This law is a result of the assassination of President McKinley.

ADORATION.

BY SYDNEY HOPE.

How pure and stainless are Thy mornings, Lord,
Washed with the dews of night;
How like a holy incense from the earth, the mists
Slow rising to Thy sight.

Man's love may wax and wane, his homage cease,
His touch profane the sod
Given as his heritage; but Nature never yet denied
Allegiance to her God.

Bloomfield, Ont.

Religious Intelligence.

The Epworthians in Detroit.

The sixth international convention of the Epworth League, held in Detroit, in July of this year, far outstripped any of its predecessors. The Leaguers invaded the City of the Straits over twenty thousand strong. The city's lodging capacity was taxed to the uttermost. But the old-time story of Detroit hospitality was well maintained. It is only in the midst of gatherings such as these that one begins to realize the meaning of the word "international." To see the flags of two nations everywhere entwined, to stand in front of the City Hall and hear those thousands of young voices singing together the national airs of both lands—to see and hear these things is to realize that, loyal as each may be to their own flag, the hearts of both are, after all, very near together.

The old, historic city cannot but receive an inspiration from such an influx of the young soldiers of the Cross. The most worldly elements of the city must perforce see in such a season the place the spiritual life holds in the hearts of men. The streets of Detroit were bright with the colours and badges of the Leaguers. The sonorous roll of Wesleyan hymns could be heard for blocks away from the places of meeting. The Maltese Cross was everywhere. But mightier than the things visible were the things invisible—the deep spirituality that pervaded every place of meeting, the waiting upon God, the exultant planning for further service.

Never before was there an age when such thousands of young people gathered together for the purpose of discussing the higher life, and the betterment of men. The labour question, the missionary cause, the negro problem, and other such live topics were all dwelt upon earnestly. In addition to their other lines of work, the Leaguers are resolved to devote one solid year to earnest, driving work in forwarding the temperance cause. Said Bishop Goodsell, "when we get two and a half to three million people on their knees, earnestly praying and working for this object, we are pretty near the time when we can justify the declaration, "The saloon must go!"

Dr. Carman in Boston.

A July issue of Zion's Herald contains a portrait of our worthy Superintendent, the Rev. Dr. Carman, together with his address, delivered in the People's Temple, Boston, at the Wesley Bicentenary celebration. Of this stirring address, Canadian Methodism may well be proud. Dr. Carman dwelt on the importance of going back to the primordial principles given of God. This was what Wesley had done. He had brushed aside barren dogma, and gone back to the substantial and spiritual realities beneath. We should not barter away the glorious fruitage handed down by our leaders, but hold fast the fundamental truths.

The Federation of the Churches.

With such problems as prohibitory legislation and the development of our North-West to consider, it is natural that there should be a rapprochement of the various large denominations of our land in these interests, common alike to all. But this drawing together of the Churches is by no means confined to our own land. It is world-wide in its extent. England, the United States, and Australia are all feeling markedly the force of the movement, and the foreign field is, in this respect, far in advance of the home field. In Japan the missionaries of over thirty denominations have worked together in an evangelistic campaign throughout the country. In the Philippines, in India, China, everywhere, it is being shown the heathen world that the evangelical Churches are one body in Christ.

In the United States local federations of the Churches have already been organized in many of the larger cities. These federations disclaim any authority over the various Churches they represent. They simply seek to prevent the evils and loss that result from sectarianism, and unite the entire household of faith in their efforts to spread the Gospel. Their object, as usually stated, is the promotion of acquaintance, fellowship, and effective co-operation among the several churches of all denominations, in order that their essential unity may be manifested; that the evangelization of the city (or town) may be more system-

atically accomplished; that a means may be found of expressing the united Christian sentiment of the community in regard to moral issues; that the various Christian and benevolent activities may be more completely co-ordinated; and that other appropriate ends may be secured.

As far back as eleven years ago, State federations began in the State of Maine, and have since reached a number of other States. There is also a National Federation, having for its object the formation of federations in the various States. In England, the late lamented Hugh Price Hughes has his name inseparably linked with the movement. Canon Henson, of Westminster, has taken the occasion of his death to issue another appeal for the reunion of the Churches. He believes this will soon be the great question of the time.

Vermont under the License System.

After fifty years of prohibition, the license system has again been introduced into the State of Vermont. The following are some results for the first month in various places. In Middleburg, a quiet college town, twenty-eight arrests for the first day of license; in Burlington, when prohibition came in, fifty years ago, the jailor had rooms to rent, now the place is crowded; in Montpelier, the capital, even a high-license paper admits jocularly, "It is a question whether there are more inside or outside the jail;" in Rutland "More drunks in nine secular days under license than during any four months of prohibition; in Barre more arrests for drunkenness and crime in May than during any previous month in the history of the city; various classes of business complaining of loss due to drink; in Fair Haven $1,350 received for license, but $1,200 paid out for extra police. This to say nothing of the influence on youthful minds. A boy gazing into one of the elegant saloons was overheard to say, "My! I wish I was a man. I would go in."

Let those who claim there is as much drinking under prohibition as under license look these facts squarely in the face if they can. Nothing but sheer folly and lack of knowledge of the true state of affairs could give rise to such assertions. Prohibition may not prohibit absolutely. But it certainly prohibits among the law-abiding, law-regarding citizens. And that a powerful check on drunkenness has been removed in Vermont no one can deny. Possibly the drinking classes are holding a sort of high carnival over their success. But an era so ushered in augurs little good for the future.

Widening of the Jewish Horizon.

It is not more than forty years since to utter the name of Jesus in a synagogue, a Jewish family, or school, was considered by many rabbis an atrocious offence. But Zion's Herald draws attention to the fact that the fourth volume of "The Jewish Cyclopædia," just issued by Funk & Wagnalls, contains many references to Christ and Christianity. In general these allusions to Him are respectful and reverent, thus marking a great revolution in Jewish thought.

The problem before the Hebrew scholars is to account for the belief in the divinity of Christ, and the world-wide scope of His religion without accrediting Him as in any sense divine. The main impulse to Christianity is said to have been given by John the Baptist, whose disciple Jesus was. Jesus Himself is simply an Essene saint, nor is He an example of perfection. The belief in His resurrection is accounted for by His remarkable personality and the transcendentalism of His disciples. The Gospel teachings are said to be taken from Essene writings, and to be considerably mixed with paganism and Gnosticism.

Nevertheless they recognize in Jesus of Nazareth one whose message has "won humanity to Abraham's God." And the following glowing sentences certainly show a wonderful broadening of the Jewish mind:

"Christianity, following the matchless ideal of its Christ, redeemed the despised and outcast, and ennobled suffering. It checked infanticide and founded asylums for the young; it removed the curse of slavery by making the humblest bondsman proud of being a child of God; it fought against the cruelties of the arena; it invested the home with purity, and proclaimed the value of each human soul a treasure in the eyes of God; and it so leavened the great masses of the empire as to render the cross of Christ the sign of victory for its legions in place of the Roman eagle. The Galilean entered the world as conqueror. The Church became the educator of the pagan nations, and one race after another was brought under her tutorship."

Methodist Rally at Plymouth.

The joint commission entrusted with the preparation of a common hymnal for the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, chose the old historic town of Plymouth as the rallying-place of its second session. The first session was held at Nashville, Tenn., last January. It is fitting that the place where first the Pilgrim Fathers sent forth their hymns of praise should be the field chosen for the preparation of the official hymn-book of no less than fifteen millions of the American people. It is believed that from a joint hymnology it will only be a step to combined missionary forces, and thence to the obliteration of the line that has divided the two Methodist bodies since they differed on the slavery question in 1876.

Progress of the London Missionary Society.

The financial cloud that has darkened the sky of the London Missionary Society for some years seems to have lifted. In place of a debt a year ago of over $100,000, there was a deficiency at the end of this fiscal year of less than $8,000. Not only were the legacies unusually large for the past year, but there was an increase in the general contributions of over $40,000. The work abroad is growing. Fourteen new missionaries have been sent out during the past year, seven to Central Africa, two to the South Seas, four to India, and one to China. The Society has now 210 men and 65 women on the field. That the home field may be quickened and cultivated the secretarial force has been increased. The Rev. Dr. Wardlaw Thompson will henceforward have the assistance of the Rev. A. M. Gardner. A number of members of the official board have also volunteered to do campaign work, to arouse the Church along missionary lines.

FOREIGN MISSION OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH
Thou shalt have none other gods before me **** Thou shalt not make thee any graven image
Deut 5 7-8

COMMERCIALISM *vs.* CHRISTIANITY.

An enterprising concern in the United States is doing a brisk business manufacturing and exporting pagan idols to heathen countries.—Ram's Horn.

The greed for gain which is a conspicuous note of the age will stop at nothing, if only money is to be made. The Ram's Horn hits off the wickedness of some of these methods in the accompanying cartoon. But selling idols to the heathen is not, in our judgment, a whit worse than selling liquor, or tobacco either, for that matter, to the people in our own land. The one demoralizes and debauches both body and soul not less than the other.

Retirement of the Rev. Dr. Maclaren.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Maclaren, who recently resigned activities in

Union Chapel (Baptist), Manchester, has a story with few parallels. For forty-five years he has occupied that one pulpit with ever increasing influence and success. In spite of the fact that he this year celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday, his sermons have lost none of their old-time vigour. His individuality, his force and felicity of expression, even in extempore speech, are widely known.

In addition to his pastoral duties he has been producing articles on the International Sunday-school Lessons for simultaneous publication in the British Weekly and the Sunday-school Times. By these he is known to a host of Canadian readers. Dr. Maclaren will henceforth hold the relation of pastor-emeritus to Union Chapel, Manchester.

The Rev. Reginald J. Campbell.

"Who will take his place?" was often asked at the death of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker. Yet already we have been receiving with enthusiasm "the gray-haired boy with soul of fire" who has come forward as his successor in City Temple, London. The Rev. Reginald J. Campbell's few weeks in America have won him both friends and fame.

During his brief visit to Toronto, many were disappointed in their efforts to hear him. Yet it is generally acknowledged that he is not a great orator. It is the simple earnestness of the man, or rather the Man within the man, that compels men to listen. Perhaps, in all his American tour, the note he struck that will remain longest with us was his plea for more intercourse with God. We should not lean too much on our pastors and teachers for our knowledge of Christ, but like Paul know personally whom we have believed. This intercourse of soul with soul, the only with the Only, was, he believed, the greatest need of the Church to-day.

Pope Leo XIII.

In the death of Leo XIII., Roman Catholicism undoubtedly loses one of the ablest and most influential of its leaders in modern times. The tact of the diplomat, the skill of the administrator, the fancies of the poet, the wisdom of the scholar—all were his. Giovacchino Vincenzo Pecci, born in 1810, came of an excellent Italian family. In 1878, in spite of his protests of old age and inability, he was elected to the papal office, little dreaming that for a quarter of a century he was to wield the wand of power.

It was one of the most critical hours in the history of the Papacy when Cardinal Pecci came into office. The revolution had taken place which had given birth to the Italian Commonwealth, and shattered the temporal power of the Papacy. Yet, on the other hand the anti-papal passion of Italian radicalism had far spent itself. It remained to see what stand Leo XIII. would take. There was a possibility of his becoming a mere chaplain to the Italian King. But he adhered to the policy of his predecessor, Pope Pius IX. He had nothing to do with the Italian Government. Without making any public proclamation of it, he imprisoned himself in the Vatican. Nevertheless, he did not withdraw from European politics. He made it apparent that he was quite willing to enter into friendly understandings and arrangements with all the great powers of Europe. Throughout the world it was soon felt that there was a fresh power at work in the Vatican.

But his first encyclical letter showed no concern with the political struggles of the times. His kingdom was spiritual. He had come to proclaim that "sin maketh nations miserable." He has continued to proclaim it for a quarter of a century. In spite of the hampering restraints of his creed, in spite of the blind prejudices, the exclusive and autocratic spirit of Roman Catholicism, he has shown, nevertheless, a broad catholicity of thought, and a sympathy with all classes and conditions of men. He loved the working people and the poor. He advocated peace among the nations. One lesson Romanist and non-Romanist may learn alike from his life, namely, that power is not in material possessions, but in the hearts of men.

Pope Pius X.

On Tuesday morning, August 4th, Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, a priest of marked democratic ideas, possessing a highly cultured mind, modest and agreeable in manners, and active in good works, was elected to succeed the late lamented Leo in the chair of St. Peter. He is sixty-eight years of age, and has been a cardinal since 1893.

Racial Hatred.

Racial hatred, whether of the Jew, the Chinaman, the "dago," or the negro, is a mark of inferior civilization. We need to be more fully seized of the glorious truth taught by Paul on Mars Hill, that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men" —the universal brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God. The Greeks, with their vaunted freedom, greatly needed this teaching for the vast majority of even their own race were wretched helots, and all races but their own were scornfully regarded as barbarian. You could buy a philosopher or a schoolmaster in the slave market, and the wise Aesop was himself a slave.

This odious race feeling is nowhere more intense than in the persecution of the Jews in Russia and Roumania, and of the negroes and Chinese in the United States. But there is this difference, that the laws and best opinion in the American Union stand for righteousness and liberty, whereas in Russia and Roumania iniquity itself is framed into a law.

President Roosevelt has nobly stood to his guns in refusing to discriminate against the black man in appointments to office for which he is qualified. In this he has aroused the intense antagonism of the South. One chivalrous South Carolinian publishes the following gracious utterance:

"Whenever Professor Washington aspires for the negro to a place not inferior in some sense to the humblest white man's place, he challenges the embattled, inflexible, and, on this point, absolutely unmerciful Anglo-Saxon."

Ex-Governor Tillman, with brutal cowardice, assassinates an unarmed editor for his hostile criticism, and it is publicly affirmed will go unwhipped of justice. This is the most fatal legacy of slavery, that it degrades a naturally chivalrous people into cruel and uncivilized practices.

A district judge in Louisiana, however, voices a better feeling as follows, in denouncing the prevalent crime of lynching: "We cannot turn these helpless people over to the tender mercies of irresponsible mobs without incurring the contempt of all enlightened people and the wrath of a righteous God."

The Study of Criminology.

The condition and treatment of criminals is a subject that is engrossing more and more attention. The bill recently brought before the United States Congress for the establishment of a Laboratory of Criminology, has the hearty endorsation of the medical profession of that country. The laboratory proposes to take up the study of the abnormal classes, with a view to their betterment. Investigation will be made; sociological and pathological data will be collected, especially from institutions for the criminal, pauper, and defective classes, as well as from hospitals and schools.

The prime object of these studies will, of course, be to discover the courses of crime, pauperism, alcoholism, and other forms of abnormality, and thus prepare to take preventive measures. The principal field of study will be among the young. Measurements will be made with instruments of precision, and the causes and signs of moral degeneracy will be studied, with a view to lessen the dangers of the contamination of others.

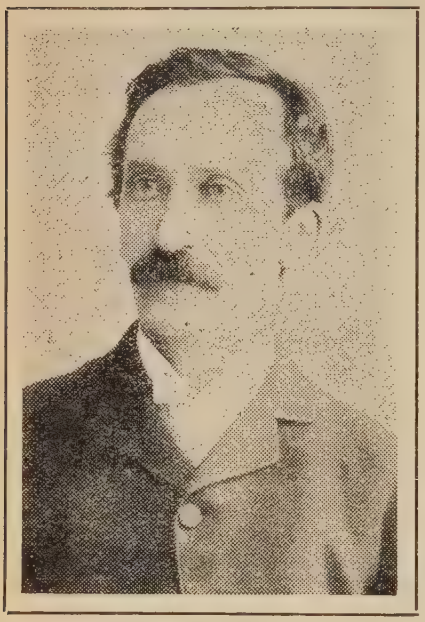
It is possible, however, to carry this line of work to extremes. A child should not be segregated merely because it shows physical signs of a propensity to evil. It is unfair to the child to brand it thus. Nevertheless, considering the many millions criminals cost the country, it would undoubtedly be a wise economy to expend a few thousands in studying the cause and prevention of crime. In this enlightened age people are beginning to perceive that imprisonment should be reformatory, not revengeful.

At a meeting of representatives of churches of St. Louis it was decided to invite Rev. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan to assume the leadership of evangelistic work there during the World's Fair. It has been determined to raise $100,000 by January next to carry on the work in the event that Dr. Morgan accepts.—Zion's Herald.

In the missions under the immediate direction of the British Conference, which are situated in Europe, Ceylon, India, China, South Africa, West Africa, Honduras, and the Bahamas, there are to-day nearly 400 missionaries, about 64,600 church members fully accredited or on trial, over 100,000 children and young people under instruction, and a total Christian community of about 200,000. The statistical returns for 1901 show an increase of 1,384 full members, and an increase of 860 on trial. The income for last year was £143,617 ($718,085).

The Late Mr. Robert Miln.

Very regretfully we record the death of Mr. Robert Miln, chief foreman of the manufacturing departments of our



MR. R. MILN.

Book and Publishing House, which occurred at St. Michael's Hospital, in this city, at 3.30 o'clock, Saturday morning, August 8th. Mr. Miln had not been in the best of health for upwards of a year, though able to attend to his business for most of the time. He entered the hospital on Tuesday, August 4th, to undergo an operation, which appeared to be successful, and his early recovery was expected up to within a few hours of the collapse that ended in death.

For over twenty-one years he has been in the employ of our Book Room, and had won the respect and esteem of all who were associated with him in any way, by his thorough-going integrity and faithfulness, as well as by his quiet and kindly spirit. The Book Steward highly esteemed him, and had perfect confidence in him as a man of conscience, character, and ability.

Mr. Miln was a native of Glasgow, Scotland, coming from there to Toronto thirty-two years ago. He was in his fifty-ninth year, and is survived by his wife, but no children. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon last, the Rev. Dr. Briggs, Book Steward, and Rev. Dr. J. V. Smith, of Carlton Street Church, with which Mr. Miln was connected, having charge of the service. The entire Book and Publishing House was closed on Monday afternoon, and the employees attended the funeral in a body. The printing trade of the city was represented, and choice among the wreaths sent by friends was one from the Master Printers' and Bookbinders' Association of the city.—Christian Guardian.

The Death of Mrs. Geo. J. Bond.

Our heart goes out in the fulness of sympathy to our bereaved brother, the Editor of The Christian Guardian, in the terrible loss he has sustained. We feel it the more, that after so recently coming to dwell in our province he should be called upon to part with her who shared the joys and sorrows of his life. His sorrow is our sorrow. We are thankful that God has hidden springs of grace and comfort for those whose sorrow seems beyond all comforting.

Mrs. Bond was a woman of noble Christian character, of unselfish disposition. She was a devoted wife and mother, and beloved by all who knew her. Her remains were taken for interment to St. John's, Newfoundland, where her relatives reside.

TRUE LIFE.

It cannot be that when the breath goes out
Then comes the bitter end,
For that which men call life and death,
Too closely interblend.

It cannot be that they who pass beyond
Our overstraining sight,
Forget that we with whom they walked
Still wander in the night.

It cannot be that God hath lent the best
So quickly to retake,
For that alone is life which greatly strives
For naught but love's sweet sake.

Life then is love, and love is but to live,—
From Good this good proceeds;
How dare we then declare that love hath end,
That death to life succeeds?

There is no death. We live, we love, we learn,
And learning, prize the bond
Of loving service to all human kind—
Life now, and life beyond.

—*Susie E. Kennedy.*

Book Notices.

"Discourses on War." By William Ellery Channing. Boston: Ginn & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents net; mailing price, 60 cents.

This is the third volume in the International Library, published for the International Union. The name of Channing is well known in the cause of peace and better international relations. He was one of the founders of the Massachusetts Peace Society, the first influential Peace Society in the world. He is convinced that war is opposed to the spirit of Christianity. The present volume seeks especially to awaken ministers and Christian people to the need of fighting the military spirit of the times. He does not assert blindly that war is never necessary. He admits that when it is the last and only method of repelling lawless ambition and invaded liberty it is then justifiable. But he believes that all too often it is but a horrible slaughter for the sake of vengeance, or the greed of dominion, or other unworthy pleas. In these burning and eloquent discourses he sets forth the causes and results of war, as also its remedies, chief of which is the spirit of Christian brotherhood. One feels of the first discourses, however, that they are of the wars of a century ago rather than those of to-day.

"Personal Salvation." A Treatment of the Doctrines of Conversion and Christian Experience. By Edward N. Cantwell, B.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 216. Price, 75 cents.

The experience of personal conversion is the hinge on which religious life turns. It is the great object of preaching in our churches and teaching in our Sunday-schools. Its primal importance should never be forgotten nor overlooked. This little book treats judiciously this all-important subject. The preparation for conversion on its human and divine sides, spiritual enlightening, awakening, conviction, decision, and the divine process by which a child of wrath becomes a child of God. The book will be of practical value for teachers and preachers.

"Eden and Gethsemane." Addresses for Communion Services. By Principal Alexander Stewart, D.D., and others. Manchester: James Robinson. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book is a collection of discourses by men well known in the pulpit. The work bears entirely on the communion services, giving brief addresses suited to the table service, also longer ones dealing with such subjects as fitness for this sacrament, its meaning, its social value, its relation to personal faith, the sacramental aspect of common things, the sufferings of Christ, etc. These discourses by different authors are, of course, of varied styles. But all are alike clear, concise, and concentrated in thought. There is no waste of words. All who go up to the table of the Lord, and, indeed, all who withdraw from it, will find here rich food for meditation. The writers have made very plain the various aspects and privileges of this solemn feast of the children of God.

"Addresses on War." By Charles Sumner. Boston: Ginn & Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

This second in the series of the International Library consists of three stirring and powerful appeals for the abolition of war. In these lectures Sumner maintains that the true grandeur of a nation is not in its acquisition of territory, not in its prowess on the field of battle, but in what it has done for humanity.

War is not only unjust but unnecessary among civilized nations; for inasmuch as the nations have agreed to stake their causes of dispute on trial by battle, so they could agree to settle them by a more reasonable and righteous method. The United States spent eighty cents of every dollar of its annual appropriation for military and naval purposes, and only twenty for all the other purposes of government, executive, legislative, and judicial. The writer is perhaps a little overzealous of the republican form of government, but he pleads the cause of peace in words of eloquence and fire. Like the other books of the series there is an introduction worthy of note by Edwin D. Mead.

"The Mediation of Jesus Christ." A Contribution to the Study of Biblical Dogmatics. By Milton S. Terry, D.D., LL.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 208. Price, 75 cents net.

Dr. Terry tells us that he prefers the title, "Mediation," in preference to "Atonement, Reconciliation, Redemption, and other terms of like import, as being on the whole more comprehensively expressive of the ever-living presence and power of our Lord as the Saviour of mankind." The book is not polemical, but constructive, and will be greatly helpful to clarity of thought on this important subject. Chapters are devoted to the doctrine and ideals of incarnation, Greek, Roman, and Hindu; and to mediation as symbolized in priestly service and Levitical ritual, in the Prophets and Psalms, in the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament. Dr. Terry has condensed into a small book his conclusions of many years on this great theme.

"Uncle Joe Little." Life and Memoirs of Joseph Russell Little. By the Rev. L. Bartlett. Price, $1. Toronto: William Briggs.

Canadian Methodists, and indeed Canadians in general, will appreciate this life-story of "Uncle Joe." The big-hearted Irishman spent most of his life as a local preacher in Lambton County, during his earlier years acting as school-teacher as well. He arrived there long before the days of railroads, telegraphs, and telephones. The book presents a faithful picture of the privations of the early settlers. It is mostly a collection of anecdotes of the life of the genial Irish bachelor, who was "uncle" to every family in Lambton, and at home in everybody's house. His generosity made it impossible for him to keep a dollar or a foot of land. Tales are told of many times when he traded his new boots for some poor man's ragged ones. In the words of one of his parishioners, "I'd be after having a poor opinion of a dog that didn't like Uncle Joe."

"Canadian Born." By E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake). Toronto: George N. Morang & Company. Price, 75 cents.

This little collection of poems breathes throughout the fresh breath of Canada. For a small volume it certainly presents many phases of Canadian life. The vigour of the young Britons and the plaintive sadness of the children of the forest are expressed with like fidelity. The writer seems to have gazed with sympathetic eyes from the low, red tides of Fundy to the crags of Crow's Nest Pass. She shows, too, a deep sympathy with all conditions of life, with the ranchman and the mariner, the old corn-husker, the beautiful squaw at her quill-work, and the Indian lover in the plaintive "Legend of Qu'Appelle Valley."

"The Other Room." By Lyman Abbott. New York: The Outlook Company. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 120.

Many readers have followed with intense interest the articles in The Outlook in which its sage and seer-like editor has written a new apologia for the Christian faith. These thoughtful chapters show not merely the sweet reasonableness of the doctrine of immortality, but also its fundamental necessity to Christian faith. The book will bring comfort to sorrowing hearts, inspiration to them that be cast down, and will tend to inspire new faith in souls that are smitten with the paralysis of doubt.

THE NATURE WORSHIPPER.

Sweet boyish treble from a marching choir
With melody suffused each vaulted line
Of Gothic Architecture's chaste design;
And stirred silk emblems of a nation's ire
Hung high (blood-stained in mock of God's desire
For peace), o'er altars, chalices for wine,
And carvèd reredos, seeming very mine
Of diamonds in the storied stain-glass fire.

But still my heart, a publican dismayed
At ritualistic pomp, with simpler mind
Sought through an open port that sacristy
Where wondrous arched mosaics of light and shade,
And colonnades of trees have always shrined
Contentment with time's changing ministry.

—*Silas Salt.*

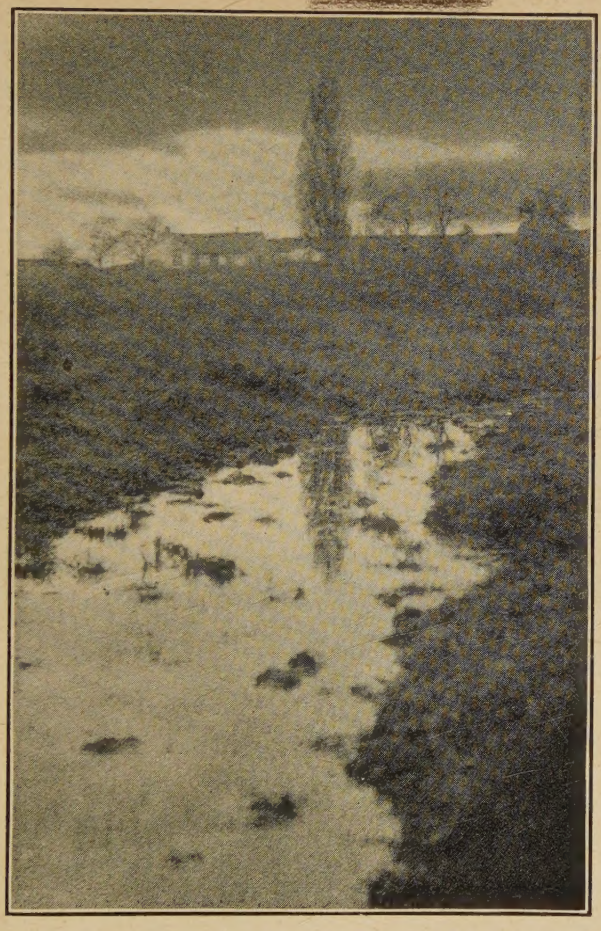


Photo by Sidney R. Carter.

"EVENTIDE."

RECESSIONAL.

Now along the solemn heights
Fade the Autumn's altar-lights;
  Down the great earth's glimmering chancel
Glide the days and nights.

Little kindred of the grass,
Like a shadow in a glass
  Falls the dark and falls the stillness;
We must rise and pass.

We must rise and follow, wending
Where the nights and days have ending,—
  Pass in order pale and slow
Unto sleep extending.

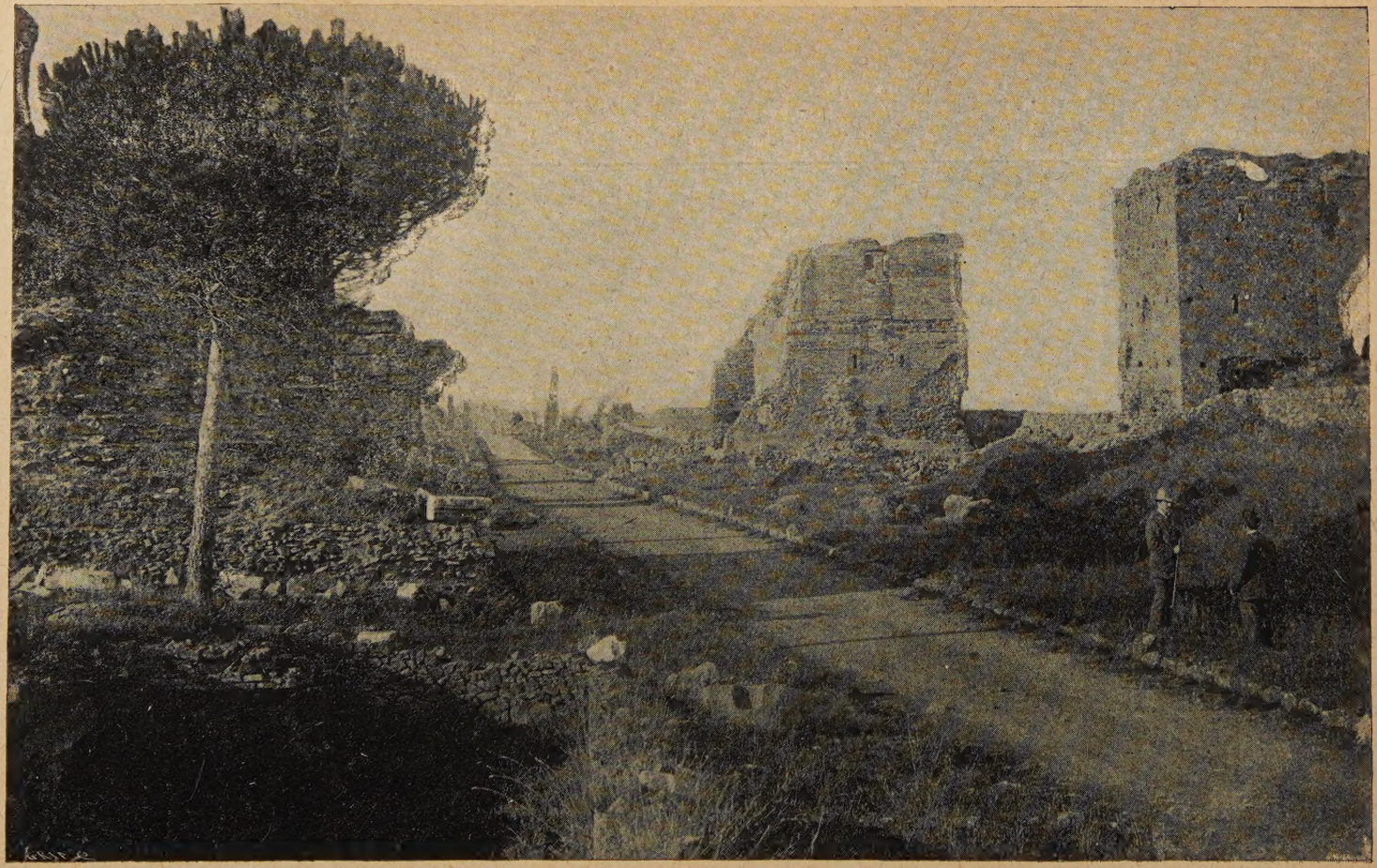
. . . . . .

Moth and blossom, blade and bee,
Worlds must go as well as we,
  In the long procession joining
Mount, and star, and sea.

Toward the shadowy brink we climb
Where the round year rolls sublime,
  Rolls and drops, and falls for ever
In the vast of time;

Like a plummet plunging deep
Past the utmost reach of sleep,
  Till remembrance has no longer
Care to laugh or weep.

—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*



THE APPIAN WAY, ROME.